

AUDI ARABIA: A Canadian prisoner's anguish | THE BACK PAGE: Will Ferguson on Sir John A.

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TEAM
CANADA'S

STAND-UP GUY

Brendan Shanahan got over the pain of Nagano. Now he's taking another shot at Olympic gold.

BY JAMES DEACON

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Honourable Canadians

I was a proud Canadian when our dignified, first-time Olympic rower Kathleen Holtz was named to Marlene's Honour Roll in 1996. Now I've died and gone to heaven with the inclusion of Henry Fraser, the scientist and biomarine researcher, in Marlene's 2001 Honour Roll (Dec. 24). It was a lucky day for Canada when the Fraser family chose to contribute to the sprawling province of Marlene's, Canada's most famous fisher. *Neely Boyce, Calgary*



In the summer of 1957, for my high-school graduation, I was treated to a performance of *Holler* at the Stratford Festival. Marlene's Honour Roll member Christopher Plummer played Hamlet—in a full bag kit. He even performed the sword fight with Lancelot. As this turning point in my life, full of thoughts for my future, this was a tremendous lesson in professionalism and character for me doing your job under adversity and doing it as well as you possibly can. *Karen Ruessend, Vancouver*

I am adding to the Honour Roll editor by giving another vote in praise of Frances Whigley of the Famous 5 Foundation, and specifically for her effort to have

the words "of us" replace "our sons" in O Canada. I'm not sure when I stopped singing the line "In all our sons commend." I know it was a personal decision out of respect for myself, my husband, daughter and grandchildren. Language is a powerful human force. The words in our anthem express love of country and a sense of belonging that help bind us together as Canadians and all who celebrate in song this wonderful nation. *Shelli Klugman, Victoria*

I had not realized that Marlene's most official input from the publishers of *Five People* when compiling its annual Honour Roll. Although I'm sure it's a very talented young woman, the inclusion of singer Nelly Furtado as a Canadian who made a difference sounds a punning note. Comparing the accomplishments of a pop singer with one album to her credit, who pushed "interesting" coin boys and getting free clothes with the lifetime accomplishments of the likes of Henry Fraser or Lancelotti Alexander is a little over the top with a vengeance. *Ken R. Robertson, Kingston, Ont.*

A political message

Regarding Allen Fotheringham's column of Dec. 24 ("The next prime minister?"), I just read this paragraph four times and I'm blown away by Foreign Minister Jean Charest's integrity. "It is responsible for it is worth my life. I won't take credit for it. I will take the blame for it." This should be tattooed on the forehead of every politician and politician wannabe. To give credit to your self for good ideas, and to take the blame for mistakes—unthinkable. I don't wish like the Liberts, but I'll pay more attention to Marley in future. *Kathleen Campbell, New Denver B.C.*

Words to the wise

It is refreshing to read news about the quiet and more gentle members of our

Praising the Prime Minister

I can't remember the last time I wrote a letter in support of the Prime Minister's actions. His word has not personally directed an increase in foreign aid spending in a time when the economy is trying to dig around the American recession. ("Uncertain times," *Canada and the World*, Dec. 24). We may never know how many more acts of political self-serving, Christmas spirit and global awareness this man created, but I believe it was the right one for the time. And the emphasis on Africa came at a time when most eyes are on Afghanistan. Certainly this is in preparation for the G-8 summit in Africa, but nonetheless recognizes the lack of interest paid to this underperforming part of the world, and the urgent need to answer the need. The Prime Minister's challenge will be to ensure the need and money well spent. Great good can be done with small gifts. Canada's touch toward its citizens and persistence of vision. A deficiency is worthy of emulation in new programs designed to help the world's poorest. *Randy Randolph, Calgary*

precious, and the upbringing that springs forth when they pass away. George Harrison was one of those people, but let us not grieve ("The quiet battle," *Archie*, Dec. 10). Harrison would have been well acquainted with the words spoken by Lord Krishna: "The way grows not for those who love, and they grow not for those who die—for life and death shall pass away." *Doreen Mackay, Vancouver*

Sports for the disabled

I was very pleased to see your small piece on Canada's wheelchair curling team ("Curling their way to world recognition," *Overman*, Dec. 24). While there is an official Canadian wheelchair lawn bowls team, this member sport of curling does offer access to persons with disabilities—wheelchair, blind, amputee—to participate and compete in a compelling sport of skill, concentration and integrity. Through the use of "bowling units"—simple mechanical devices that allow

bowlers to pick up and deliver bowls without bending over—and guides to help blind bowlers hit their mark, the sport of lawn bowls, along with curling, allows persons with disabilities to stay involved in sport. One day, I hope, lawn bowls, too, will send a Canadian wheelchairer's message—Canada competes at the world blind lawn bowls championships—to represent its country at a wheelchair world championships, and show that sport is Canada is accessible and supported by all. Good luck to Canadian representatives Richard Fraser, Minnie, T. Humphrey, Dugan and Franco at the world wheelchair curling championships in Switzerland this month. I know they will make us proud. *Chad Powers, Ottawa*

Sept. 11: no good side

New Yorkers are still digging at the ruins of the World Trade Center. Let's hope that those with shovel in hand don't go hold of Donald Goss's glowing report of the economic boom that the events of Sept. 11 created ("Sept. 11: silver lining," Dec. 24). There is no silver lining in it. And no one has remembered on the "good side of the events" because there isn't one. *Scott McMillan, Seattle, B.C.*

Celebrating, multiculturally

Most readers, particularly non-Jewish, cannot, will find Abby Zussim's solution to the Hanukkah/Christmas dilemma refreshing ("A Merry Christmas faral," *Over* to You, Dec. 20). However, her views are typical of those ready to change tradition at the drop of a hat, focusing energy on the benefits of change and ignoring profound losses, in this case the theology, history and cultural significance of both holidays. In the end, Zussim only further blurs the lines (4,000 (Jubilee) and 2,000 (Chanukah) years of beautiful culture and being replaced by a confusing jumble of political correctness and hyper-consensus. Nothing to be happy or okay about here. *Arnon Kurland, Vancouver*

The overtones—from the ancient Norse pagans—to a Christian symbol. Now is the time of Christmas—its meaning from the Roman celebration of the return of Saturn. And shop-doll-powered is hardly Christian theology. It is a multicultural country like



He economic boom in rates of the World Trade Center

Canada, we always enjoy another minute to party. Which is why Chinese New Year and the Dragon Boat race are on the calendar, along with the Calgary Stampede—making the impact of American cowboy culture into Canadian country with events like the Moose Society Stampede brouhaha. *Robert Jones, Calgary*

The logic of Abby Zussim's introduction to why it's OK for Jews to celebrate Christmas escapes me. I can't possibly be the only Jewish person who doesn't enjoy Christmas, who has never turned for a cure and who feels as uncomfortable as the pagans did about Christmas. Yes, the lights are pretty, but so are the lights on a neon sign. Ironically, Hanukkah suggests the freedom to be different, to respect other people's beliefs, yet to be proud of our own. I'm sorry that Zussim is unable with the Jewish holidays, and I'm sorry reading yet another essay that portrays Jewish people as somehow inferior to Christian ones. I am glad my Christian friends love Christmas, but it's not my holiday, nor do I want it to be. *Debra L. Madsen, Boston*

I think Ron Graham has underestimated the church. In spite of what he believes, there are still churches who have not "succumbed to the fire of all religions," becoming ritualized, bureaucratized and politeness. There are churches where much is taught and honored. God is worshipped and where kind answers are approached and discussed. Graham is correct in saying that there often are no answers to the hard questions. But disagree that thinking is not a bad thing. That type of thinking is not one-dimensional. Not all churches are merely stereotypes and caricatures. God is real. But the church is still alive. Perhaps Graham just hasn't looked far enough to see this. *Belmont Wiltshire, Toronto*

Spiritual assessment

Faith certainly came under intense fire from Ron Graham in his attempt to celebrate the North American media ideology that "leads only to the void." ("Death's gift to life," *Conor*, Dec. 17). He stated, incorrectly, that the main focus of prayer and good words for no more noble reason than to be able to see the physical world as a beautiful place and to face presumed annihilation at the end of life without regret or anger. In fact, the true nature of the church is love, and, contrary to his, two of coping, repentance and still look forward

to the promise of an afterlife. Faith has survived the Age of Reason because science can only attempt to explain biological life and the tangible universe. The secular doctrine of physical reality is the only reality remains unproven. Death's only gift to life is an agonizing or ecstatic is a final answer to the question of what happens at the end of it in her only hope. *Christopher Carr, Ontario, B.C.*

Ron Graham has the nail on the head. However, I wonder if he was looking in all the right places during his quest for religion in Canada. Did he try a nail church, one is, yes, the Book of the Bible, or maybe on the prairie in Saskatchewan, rather than a major city? In fact, as to religious issues, spirituality will be found outside the institutions that claim to have it. Every day I see proof of it reflected in the honour and dignity of honest, hardworking folks around me. Indeed, spirituality resonates within those who gave at a time of death. This is the beauty of life as we measure it. *Debra Jankin, B.C. 100*

"Death's gift to life" really hit the mark for me. Having been brought up in the Anglican Church and more recently having lived with the confusion of the United Church, I found Ron Graham's assessment of organized religion very concise and accurate. It was a relief to read it, and that brings focus to a subject difficult for most of us. In better times, I would have expected to hear this message from the pulpit instead of reading it in Canada's national magazine. *Wendy Lee, Victoria, B.C.*

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Overture

Edited by Shanda Dozel with Amy Cameron

Over and Under Achievers

Teaching the ropes of the Rock



► **Gordie Howe** has been named editor-in-chief for performance in *The Star*. Howe's first job in his home province—and for training the sport's American stars on the ways of the Rock.

► **Arl Cifuentes**, Ontario's minister, would face tough questions if Canada's farces don't perform with Afghanistan perceptions in one military up to the high profile job or not?

► **Belian Tobias**: Under fire for failing to make good on pledges to end Ontario's policy of offering, equalization payments to improve poor. Meanwhile, Ontario's biggest revenue grow. Better to keep quiet, Brian, unless you can deliver.

► **David Louie**: B.C. privacy commissioner's latest article on dubious police plan to install surveillance cameras around downtown Vancouver. Watching cameras Big Brother watching.



Just a hop, skip and two border crossings away

Some of the 3,400 folks living on the tiny New Brunswick island of Campobello are feeling sort of lousy. It's never used to capture their main link to the rest of Canada was a hour-long drive through the United States. But in a post-Sept. 11 world, crossing the border twice just to get into their own province isn't as easy or as handy as it used to be. "The people of Campobello are only being worn down, not as stressed," says **Eric Kitchin**, the M.A. for Fundy Island, noting that residents' Campobello "it's a fundamental right that everyone else in Canada enjoys—that you

can move about your country freely. Well, the people of Campobello can't do that."

Residents who cross the bridge into Lubec, Me., and then drive to St. Stephen, N.B., are no longer just waved through. Now there are regular security and ID checks. And for part of one day not long after the terrorist attacks, no one was crossing at all—a bomb threat named the border. After weeks to see or "fill Canadian alternative" (yet sound) every summer, no one was crossing at all. The island of just the existing summer runs. Although most residents liked the idea in the days right after Sept.

11, **Bob Hooper**, a pilot writer who runs a Web site providing Campobello says some are looking at it now. First off, they would have to pay for it. Plus, ferry service only takes two days to Deer Island, where they have to catch another boat. Besides, Hooper says, some people like having the border crossing as the only year-round option. Although they may have trouble getting off the island, they know that only those with a clean record will be allowed on. And the rest of the world, Campobello must now weigh sovereignty against security.

David Stroudman

Big cheese—and a big pigeon

After 12 years and \$15,000, Ed Kiefer's new **Argentine Kiefer** has made it into Canada's finest art book of world records. The 2000 edition is now the world's most sold book with the work of 12 artists covering her body from head to toe. Here are some other Canadian contributions listed in Guinness World Records 2002.

► **Most yin-yin tricks**—When **Katie McDermott** was 11, he received his first yin-yin. Now 20, McDermott is living with the yin in 1992, he said a world record, receiving 20 yin-yin one yin-yin (the most difficult?) Bel-



ieving a quarter on someone's air and then flicking it off with his yin-yin.

► **Biggest cheese**—Alpine Goat cheese of Quebec, created a cheddar cheese block weighing 26 tonnes on Sept. 11, 1995. It's almost 20 metres high and wide over 100 ft long.

► **Largest pigeon**—**Leonard Wick** of Brantford, Ont., says the world's heaviest pigeon, which weighs in at 18.4 kg.

► **Largest number reading**—20,264 fans crowded into Toronto's Sky-Dome on Oct. 24, 2002, to hear **L.K. Hawking** read from Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire.

Kiefer's wax museum figure

Gaga for Gabaldon

After **Oliver Gabaldon** is 60, he's still a man in his 20s. Not only did she create **Jessie Fraser**, an 18th-century Scottish heartbreaker, in her best-selling Outlander series, but on publicity tours she is often beset by male fans dressed in 18th-century garb. Gabaldon—who recently released her fifth book in the adventure saga *The Fiery Cross* (a mighty 670 pages)—does, in fact, have a strange love of fluff, and once that are always asked for more. "I received a letter," from a 66-year-old woman who wrote, "I hope you won't be too long with your next book."

Gabaldon, 50, has enthusiasm for such far-flung places as New Zealand, Japan and Zimbabwe, and some of her most fervent followers are in Canada. Vancouver's **Julie**

MacIsaac founded a worldwide group of Gabaldon aficionados called the Ladies of Lallybroch—the name of the Scottish town where Fraser was born. For MacIsaac's



Gabaldon fans got Michael dressed as Anne and Claire Fraser

birthday the club asked Gabaldon to compose an ode. When the author replied that she might not be able to because she was so busy she couldn't find time to buy toilet paper, a call

went out among the Ladies and 48 packages of toilet paper flew around the world (and on Gabaldon's doorstep. How understated?)

Amy Cameron

Ordinary people with extraordinary stuff

A young couple, dressed in jeans and well-worn shoes, stand beside a massive pine and oak staircase on the grounds of Toronto's Casa Loma. An Englishman, casually outfitted in a suit and tie, carefully examines the piece while commenting on its history and the detail of the work. Several television cameras are beamed on his every move and, when the 58th-year-old couple—a former 19th-century participant—quits the house, a crowd of onlookers and a letter from the governor of the Hudson's Bay Co.

business and traders were lined at Toronto and Ottawa last fall—the segments air on Jan. 16 (Ottawa) and Jan. 23 (Toronto) on CBC. Roughly 2,000 people from across Canada attended each of the day-long events and a tremendous amount of money was raised. In 1880, brought with her as 1880 travelling nurse, a male 58th-century participant—a former 19th-century participant—quits the house, a crowd of onlookers and a letter from the governor of the Hudson's Bay Co.

asking the famous actor **James Anderson** to search for the last original **Sir John Franklin**. "This is absolutely fabulous," gushed **Franklin's** Canadian expert **David Ellis** over **Anderson's** terms. "One of the best collections I've seen in 24 years." Later, after her pieces were appraised at a minimum of \$63,000 (not including the historical value which, said Ellis, was priceless), **Anderson** could say "Oh my goodness."

A.C.



By (left) opens Toronto business



The one bill not locked in Canada's vault

Within the vaults of the Bank of Canada in Ottawa lies at least one example of almost every type of Canadian coin minted or bill printed during the country's 135-year history. One high-profile exception is the 1981 Queen's Canada \$600 note, of which only two are known to exist. The note could be held when one of the bills goes on the auction block in Ontario. In an Jan. 11 that is if the central bank doesn't fetch at the price tag—which may be as high as \$275,000 (\$181). "This is a chance for a private collector to acquire the last and bring it back home," says **Alan Michie**, a director with Collins-Baldwin Heritage Auctions, the firm organizing the sale in Ontario.

The banknote, which features a portrait of Queen Mary and the words "Ottawa" and "Jan. 3rd 1911," is in nominal condition in the early part of the 20th century, according to Michie. Seemed in fine condition, the bill is being sold by an unidentified American collector. The other existing 1981 note is also owned by an American. These particular bills are rare and valuable because of their high denomination and—Michie adds—US paper money of similar rarity would sell for upwards of \$1 million. "The average person would have \$500 to their name in 1911," says Michie, "never mind a \$600 bill in their wallet."

Paul Berry, the chief officer with the Bank of Canada Museum, says the bank had an opportunity to buy a 1911 note last year but balked at the \$500,000-plus price tag. "I'm just looking forward to seeing how this one does," says Berry, while not commenting on whether the bank is interested in this one, however, he says the purchase would certainly make for a tough sell to the taxpayer.

John Lewis

A Day to Remember



Reliability Program. A support article shows how to create a reliability program, including training, testing, and data storage.

Dec. 2, 2001, was a special day for Hillary Rodham Clinton: Not only did she have a chance to meet a Tarzana, but she also got to meet her former editor, Paul Henderson. Spaully is excited, she says, was having her autograph book filled with good wishes from the many people she met.

Hallory was one of several Special Olympics athletes from across Canada who attended the Annual Sports Celebrations Festival Day. The 11-year-old resident of Whitehorse, Yukon, is a multi-talented athlete who participates in five-pin bowling, swimming, track and field and soccer.

Hallory was Maclean's guest during the event's breakfast, which kicked off a fan-filled day of activities staged by *Twins* Celebrity.

Feedline The national organization, whose goal is to raise funds for and awareness of Special Olympics across Canada, holds a number of events each year including celebrity breakfasts, golf tournaments and floor hockey competitions as well as auctions and black-tie dinners.

Special Olympics since 1972, and in those 30 years we've learned a lot about the true value of competitive sport. Even better we've made some good friends along the way. We'll continue to meet for Military and for her fellow Special Olympics athletes periodically those who'll participate in the 2002 National Summer Games in Prince Albert, Sask. If you'd like to learn more about Canadian Special Olympics, visit www.cso-can.ca.

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Over to You BOB CHARTIER

At your service, with pride

I am a public servant. In the 30 years of my career, there have been more times than I would care to admit when I was not very comfortable saying that our load, much less in gear. However, like everyone else, my world has been rocked. The embassy bombings, the bombing of the federal building in Oklahoma City and the Sept. 11 images of public servants—police officers and firefighters—running towards the horror instead of away from it will stay with us forever. I have had to recognize that many enemies target governments and, as we know, public servants are the front line of governance.

For years, public servants struggled with a "poor citizen" image in the workplace. It was mistaken that the brightest and the best would always go into the private sector. The rest of us, for many different reasons, made the decision to spend our lives teaching your kids, hooking up your irrisuances, protecting your borders, checking the maintenance record on the aircraft taking you to Cancun and responding to 911 calls. Oh, we have heard your thanks over the years.

We have heard your comments about road crews lining up their shovels, striking names, marauding clerks processing papers, lazy teachers and cops in doughnut shops. And this was the same stuff I believe it's time to rethink our views on

public service. Part of it, undoubtedly, is that we do the things no one else really wants to do and that there is no real money in it. Try to buy police services from a street vendor. What price would the market pay to find an illegal immigrant? Ask a major private-sector company to write a new tax-credit policy. Try to drag around for a good deal on a passport.

The private-enterprise capitalist system is fine by me. It is superior in doing those things it is supposed to do, but it can't do it all. When it comes to writing good policy on public violations, we don't feed back the contract, we ask a public servant with a wealthy academic background, a wealth of experience and an ear to the street to compose it. When we need passion, high standards in our goods, food and wastes, we again



look to the public servant. Whom, let's stop right there. On that same thing, You're right. We have William and North Bartleford to consider. I grew up in North Bartleford and, as a wailing government guy, I was appalled that, for decades, city workers there drew drinking water a kilometre downstream from the spot they dumped the sewage. Let's be honest. Public servants make mistakes. Big ones, little ones and sometimes stupid ones. But so does the private sector. Our civility, as public servants, is that our mistakes can cause a lot more grief.

It is true, we are notorious for our red tape, our obscurity with paper and our slowness. But we are working, really hard. We can and will be just as fast, as effective and as quality-minded as the private sector, even more. We have many manners, however, and sometimes when we try to cut the red tape we get best up for what is then called a lack of accountability. It's always hard for us to know whom we really serve—politicians or citizens.

But I believe we can serve both and do it with accountability and effectiveness.

So what have we got here? Well, we have jobs that have no market value. We are under constant public scrutiny. We get paid what citizens, not the market, think we are worth and we provide things essential but often hidden services. And most of us really like our work. We love your kids, we feed fire in the miniature-can unit, we want to find the bad guys and we are driven to develop policy that reflects Canadian values.

Public servants may now feel even more like a target for evil, but they will go to work every day. They will be here for all the fire to run into the mobile and to lead in the rebuilding. The war on terrorism will not be fought in the market, it will be decided at the border, in policy-making decisions on privacy and in the day-by-day readiness of emergency workers. And that is why I serve the public, with pride.

Bob Chartier of Solicitor works with the department of Indian and northern affairs.

The Week That Was

Tragedy in Kelowna

The victims of time passed, including a severely disabled 34-year-old man, were discovered in a parked vehicle outside First House near Kelowna, B.C. dead from apparent carbon monoxide poisoning. The RCMP is calling the deaths of *Melissa Brubaker*, 37, his wife, *Diana*, 54, and their son, *Blaise*, a murder-suicide, because the killing man was so mentally challenged he would have been able to voluntarily consent to the plan. A neighbor described the couple, who both had health problems, as devoted to their job and said they feared what would happen to him when he could no longer care for him at home. They had applied for government assistance, but were denied.

Actor an assassin?

The 2003 release *Mr. X* starring the story of an Al Qaeda terrorist living in Canada who travels to Afghanistan to find his wife has garnered praise at film festivals worldwide. Now, however, it has instead a different sort of fame as serving to U.S. prosecutors the actor *Keanu Reeves*, who portrays an American doctor as in that, *Dr. David Seltzer*, 35, 51, an assassin who killed a former Iranian diplomat in



Baltimore. Md., in 2002 and then fled to Iran. Director *Melvin Frank*, who always just described his characters as "men of passion," said he has no way of knowing if *Reeves* as *Seltzer* is a never said those who are. It is my film what they do have done for him," he said in a statement. "I've followed what they do after I finish them if the producers are right, they are unlikely to avoid *Seltzer* did—who they say was born David Seltzer—because the U.S. and Iran have no extradition treaty.

Blazes and damnation

Dozens of firefighters rushed out of station in Auburn, clearing hundreds of thousands of houses of fire. Although no fatalities have been reported, thousands have been forced to flee their homes. About 170 of which have been destroyed north, west and south of Sydney. Meanwhile, another blaze raged by dry and hot weather, which caused the city of four million residents to go into lockdown. And while fire

fight may have sparked most of the flames, some firefighters were shocked to learn nearly half the fires were deliberately set. Police arrested 25 arson suspects, including 15 children and teenagers aged 9 to 16 charged with arson. Some were looking for a cheap fix: a 14 per cent against the U.S. (of the 15) but, *Demarc* and *Sweden* opted out of the charge.

This little piggy . . .

Scientists at Edinburgh-based PPL Therapeutics Plc announced they had for the first time cloned the pigs in which a gene that keeps them from being knocked out. Cloned trials with pig organs less likely to be rejected by the human immune system are at least four years away, this time said. A day later in the journal *Science*, University of Missouri-Columbia researchers said they had cloned four "knockout" pigs of their own.



Euro hits right note

After more than a decade of preparation, Europeans in 12 countries began trading in their national old currencies for shiny euro coins and paper money. The new currency was widely welcomed in the euro zone as a symbol of acceptance. The unexpected optimism sent the value of the euro up 14 per cent against the U.S. dollar (of the 15) but, *Demarc* and *Sweden* opted out of the charge.

Hundreds dead

Chernobyl papers showed the power and safety of a long time sleeping disaster after an explosion and the killed nearly 300 people. Scientists by what officials say was a demonstration by a second vehicle, the black levelled four city blocks of the Russian capital. Just hours after the first disaster, *Levin* president *Yeltsin* made in a roomed a ban on the production and importation of fireworks, he also offered to pay for DNA identification of victims and for all funeral and burial costs.

Phoenix 3000

Canada 3000 may fly again the bankrupt airline's former president *Angus Kenner*, said he hopes to have 100 planes back in service by the end of May and 25 within two years. The carrier grounded 38 aircraft when it ceased operations in November, suspended by costly acquisitions and the past year. It is still thought *Kenner* said he would have been a low-cost carrier, but several analysts said he would face even tougher competition now. Air Canada's new long-haul discount carrier offers no full service, as does well-established West Jet of Calgary, which is expanding into former Canada 3000 routes. And other charter airlines have taken over its western business.



Freak snowstorms pummel the U.S.

Residents of Buffalo, N.Y., may be used to the so-called lake effect—a wind pattern that dumps relentless snowstorms over Lake Ontario and the city—but even they weren't prepared for the snowfall that started on Dec. 24. In the days, it dumped more than two inches on the city and environs, breaking the previous monthly record set in December, 2005. Last week, the National Guard and state police were still helping to dig out the paralyzed city. President *George W. Bush* issued an emergency declaration, directing federal funds to partly reimburse local and state authorities for the \$3.2-billion-a-day cleanup. The Snow Belt is now filled, but the National Guard was also called in when snow, sleet and freezing temperatures caused widespread disruption from Virginia to the Rocky Mountains. Tired people died, hundreds of flights were cancelled and there were thousands of traffic accidents as a result of the storm that dumped anywhere from seven to 30 cm of snow throughout the region. Although modest by Buffalo's standards, such a powerful snowstorm is in the southern states.

Secret prisoner

A Pakistani born Canadian who's been in a New York City prison since Sept. 20, when he was picked up in a post 9/11 sweep, was finally charged with an immigration infraction. *Ortiz* was released the last month of *Shirley* South, whom U.S.

authorities had barred from entering his family's lineage and carrier affairs and charged U.S. Federal Court security. *Ortiz* was finally charged after lawyers demanded he be charged or released in return to his wife and daughter in Toronto.

North American environment 'at risk'

The environment in Canada, the U.S. and Mexico is under siege, says a landmark report by the Montreal-based Commission for Environmental Cooperation. For the first time, the CEC, established in 1994, gives a confidential overview of what's at risk. "The health of an environment that touches 354 million people and an economy worth \$2 trillion a year," states the North American *Health, A State of the Environment Report*, "is at risk."

The situation is so bad that the 300-page document, released this week, says half of North America's

most vulnerable regions are "severely degraded," threatening at least 200 species of mammals, birds, reptiles and amphibians. *John DeWitt*, senior executive director of the Sierra Club, legal advisor to environmentalists, lauded the CEC for the report's frank content. "It helps the public," says *DeWitt*, "get paid a lot of the environmental and climate that we get from government and industry." Heated discussion and action, says the report, are the next steps in Montreal's and similar bodies and parks frequently threatened by



development. Certain aspects of air quality are also deteriorating. Significant cuts in solid waste causing water damage have been seen, ground-level ozone is becoming more widespread, says CEC executive

director *André Fortin*. In the past 20 years, Canada's population boomed 50 per cent, but the number of cars increased 200 per cent to about 30 million. "There is no longer just a local problem," Fortin says, "we're seeing a disturbing trend of increases in some levels in rural areas," says *Fortin*, "because millions of dollars in damage to forests of annual reduction in agricultural yields." *Fortin*, *Fortin*, *Fortin*, *Fortin*, "We can make things better," he says, "we can make things better."

Has Canada done enough to protect the environment? www.cbc.ca/news

Passages



Dead: Nearly 1,000 people died in downtown Toronto during the past month in the *U.S. Kato*, the wife of the actor, died of cancer. The actor, who was in the *U.S. Kato*, died of cancer. The actor, who was in the *U.S. Kato*, died of cancer.

Named: Legendary British musician *Eric Clapton* named *Mike Mulligan*, his 23-year-old American girlfriend, in a private ceremony on

stage as a showcase for emerging talent. *Kato*, 57, died of cancer at his Toronto home.

Dead: *Paula Abdul* was first started to the House of Cards in 1997 as a story and was elected soon after. She then moved to the Senate for 15 years in 1994. The Prince Edward Island politician was known for his eloquent speeches in the Senate chamber and his passion for international affairs. *Abdul*, 82, died at his home in Ottawa of prostate cancer.

Named: Legendary British musician *Eric Clapton* named *Mike Mulligan*, his 23-year-old American girlfriend, in a private ceremony on

New Year's Day. The wedding ceremony included the presentation of their son, *Michael*, to his mother. *Abdul* was elected soon after. She then moved to the Senate for 15 years in 1994. The Prince Edward Island politician was known for his eloquent speeches in the Senate chamber and his passion for international affairs. *Abdul*, 82, died at his home in Ottawa of prostate cancer.

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Named: Legendary British musician *Eric Clapton* named *Mike Mulligan*, his 23-year-old American girlfriend, in a private ceremony on

by a car. The former president and his wife, *Michelle*, were vacationing in Mexico at the time. The family moved to the Leinster mansion in a 1997, just before the *Michael* Leinster scandal broke.

Dead: *Big Nigel Hawthorne* is a big name since 1960 when he was cast as Sir *Reginald* Appleby in the British television series *Mr. Mander*. In 1991, Hawthorne was a Tony for his portrayal of *G. K. Lewis* in the Broadway production of *Shakespeare*. He received an Oscar nomination in 1994 for the role in *The Remains of Vincent*. Hawthorne, 73, died of a heart attack at his home south of London.

Named: Legendary British musician *Eric Clapton* named *Mike Mulligan*, his 23-year-old American girlfriend, in a private ceremony on

South Asia still a powder keg as the war against terror rages on

From the caves of Tora Bora to a virgin's courtroom, the fight against Islamic terrorism rosewood with a fierceness that belied the frost out of a victory real. Afghan warlords claimed faster to their leader Mullah Mohammed Omar was preparing to surrender his final redoubt near Bagram. But with Omar having slipped away into the bottom, the United States was not waiting up. Its warplanes rained their massive bombs on suspected terrorist escape routes. U.S. Marines joined anti-Taliban Afghan forces in the securing of caves for clues and weapons. And in the final onslaught, American propagandists displayed doctored photos of mummified Osama bin Laden—drawn in western garb to show he'd abandoned his followers—to try to kill his bin from his hiding place.

So far, the highest-ranking Taliban official killed in the attacks, according to Afghanistan's interim government, has been Qari Ahmadullah, the former regime's intelligence chief and a reputed torturer. His death was announced the same day that Ziauddin Mawardi, a 33-year-old Pakistani officer of Moroccan descent, became the first official to stand trial, charged in Virginia with helping to plot the September attack on the World Trade Center.

Adding to the international focus, an German ship joined the U.S.-led attack force, Germany's largest naval deployment since the Bremer *Rapier*. And British tank forces changed all the way up to 6,000 members of coalition forces that is to police Afghanistan as it emerges from the shadows of the former Taliban government and U.S. forces. Postwarriors come as many as 17 countries will make up the multinational force. A disengaged Canada was at first not asked to participate—but reached agreement with the U.S. at week's end to join



An Afghan shows off weapons recovered from a deserted Al Qaeda training camp.

the force with a commitment of 750 combat troops, mostly from the 1st Airborne Division. Pakistan's Light Infantry regiment, Operation Wafa had completed that Canadian troops don't have the appropriate training or equipment.

In the of any war in this corner, the establishment force has to be on the ground, such as South Africa's Nelson Mandela and Afghanistan's former King Mohammed Zahir Shah who are urging others to western nations. However, with Afghan

warriors enduring their rugged camps, and a mislabeled number of troops—including massive military buildups—between India and Pakistan over Kashmir, the western powers do not appear to be in any hurry to leave.



Allan Fotheringham

Defiance, New York style

Christmas in New York can be a magical experience. Snow falling against the lights of Broadway. The colorful, driven, wrapped in blankets, enjoying their seats through the curves and turns of Central Park at midnight, steam rising from both the lanes and wherever is going on in the back of the carriage.

This time, in the week of 9/11, once the snow did not dare arrive, Central's on Fifth Avenue was wrapped in a sensory red ribbon. Shoppers who could never afford to go inside jostled each other for room like Tiny Tim as they viewed the wonderful windows at Saks. Everybody treated the cops with new respect.

Beneath the impact was a new attitude for New York, the town that never sleeps. It was defiance. If you can make it here, you can make it anywhere, as Frank said us, and the town crowded defiance, from Rudy everything on down to the guys selling knock-off Gucci purses for 30 bucks, to the gay men to them flogging the hot women. Nobody pushes over America. You can push over the Twin Towers, but you can't push past second America.

Shoppers wanted about coming to downtown Manhattan? Mooring—like the perfume maffins, regular \$150 (U.S.), for \$75. You don't like that? The regular cost is \$270—now \$135. A small for anyone coming in from Brooklyn. On Cleveland, The New York Athletic Club, on Central Park South, has a special room now \$160. The St. Regis nearby, where Paula Wolfson once stayed, \$700. Macy's has 50 per cent off 'all fur'—mink, fox, beaver, raccoon. We'll show those jerks in the caves.

Outside Radio City Music Hall at Rockefeller Center—the slates wobbling around the ice rink, one of them crashing. Hansi Richard—these are those huge cranes wobbling about. No frustration or any is visible. There is, of course, no such thing as Boxing Day in the United States. With any mention, the inhabitants think. All right, China. A desk on Fifth Avenue, the most expensive room in the world, says the customer where he hath from, "Canada." "When's that?" My oh my, no no no. On the car windows, a simple picture of Osama bin Laden and a sign—Dead or Alive.

At Ground Zero, the most remarkable impression is the silence. Total silence from the thousands trying to view the devastation, an instant change to madness, a complete pride-moment as to why the most generous nation on the globe would

be so hated. There's The Will, a direct descendant of the phenomenon of the Princess Di funeral that smothered Buckingham Palace with flowers and ribbons—there in New York now as in London then decorated with children's poems in crayons and patriotic banners and wild bouquets.

In England, it was one recognizable person who had perished. Here, it is the innocence of the only superpower left that suddenly found it was powerless against a suicidal man who had been craggy death was beautiful because 72 virgins waited about. All around the 16 acres of rubble is the "collateral damage." Punch Cindy and Coconuts is closed. Downtown Deli is closed. Ray Roger is closed. No stockholders, no banks, no business. More than the 3,000 killed was killed.

The New York Athletic Club, founded in 1868, sponsored the first U.S. indoor track meet. It sponsored the first national championships in track and field, wrestling, fencing, boxing and swimming. Club athletes have won more than 100 Olympic medals. The NYAC dress code admits The following are never appropriate—capri pants, bare midriffs, spandex or Lycra, basketball caps, and—I like this best—Swearwear without socks. The Kennedy boys were the ones who first made that a fashion item in Florida. But someone has to keep up standards. That's called defiance.

There's defiance on Broadway when Mel Brooks' The Producers opened last spring, the going ticket on the black market was \$1,500. Canadian ambassador to the UN, Paul Hinzbecker, allows that he can probably find a ticket for \$450. Surviving Nathan Lane, the funniest man in the world now that Peter Sellers is dead, and Matthew Broderick and starring the now-famous Springtime for Hitler plot, it is the funniest thing these three-wary eyes have ever seen and perhaps the most brilliant spectacle ever witnessed—with the possible exception of Snodgrass Day announcing he was resigning as he could not again.

New York, of course, as large into its shivering disco-babes. When Tim reveals a red character and circulates by calling the newly-discovered Rudy Giuliani the "Punch of the Year"—a title it once gave to Usher Joe Saks as the most evil chap in the world, as The Man in the Case so obviously was last year. That's really tacky, since no one in New Zealand has ever heard of him.

We'll forgive, however, Frank's war rights, and Rudy was heartily great, and Manhattan at Christmas in a magical.

Awaiting his fate

After more than a year in jail in Riyadh, Bill Sampson is no closer to freedom

BY MICHAEL SNIDER

After more than a year languishing alone in a Saudi Arabian jail cell, Bill Sampson has his routine down pat. Every morning, the accused murderer goes for hours around his windowless prison. Then he exercises his brain, reading heavy finance and economics books. Physical and mental exercise are all that keeps him sane, says Jim Sampson, his 70-year-old father. Still, in July, the last time Jim saw his son, Bill was a shell of his former self. His clean clothes he puts on when he has a visitor hung limp off his guest house, revealing how those trips to a Riyadh hospital since his imprisonment—

exploded in the Saudi capital, killing a British man and injuring five others. Saudi authorities said the explosions were the result of a turf war in the expatriate community over the multi-billion-dollar illegal alcohol trade. On Feb. 4, 2001, a seemingly dazed and disoriented Sampson appeared on Saudi television along with friends Alexander Mitchell of Britain and Raf Schyns of Belgium—and admitted to the bombings. But even though the three were imprisoned, the violence continued—at least a half-dozen blasts since December, 2000—causing doubt on Saudi claims they had the real bombers in custody. And on Aug. 13, three more men, all British nationals, confessed on local

Muslim extremists to prevent the flow of money to militant groups. In fact, Western intelligence agencies say as many as 16 of the 19 Sept. 11 hijackers were Saudi nationals, counterparts of Osama bin Laden—a Saudi native himself who was stripped of his citizenship in 1994.

Sampson and his friends, according to *De Saad Al-Faghi*, a leading Saudi dissident based in London, are victims of the political and religious string. The Saudi royal family, he says, does not want the outside world to know they face internal threats and are using Sampson and the others in scapegoats by claiming the bombings and murders were linked to the underground trade in alcohol, a banned product in the strict Muslim country. "They want to put the blame on these people because they do not want the country to appear in it as being a challenge," says Al-Faghi. "It is a golden opportunity to create the whole story."

When he finally gets to court, the prosecution will try to re-examine the role Sampson played in Riyadh's booze underworld. But who exactly will represent him isn't clear. He agreed to hire Saudi lawyer Ahmad al-Tajer, after his father wrote to him earlier last fall urging him to finally acknowledge court. Sampson's decision contradicts claims from another Saudi lawyer, Sibt al-Hajjari, who came forward in August to say he was representing Sampson, and that during the trial he would concede that Sampson, Mitchell and Schyns were all involved in the illegal alcohol trade.

Such a concession would leave Sampson with little maneuvering room because the prosecution is expected to argue that the accused were deeply involved in the illicit trade and tried to murder their competitors in a turf war. But *Al-Madani* has learned through interviews with top diplomats,



Bill Sampson and his father on a Swiss balcony in 1989

officials in setting parts of the booze trade exploded while Sampson and his friends were in jail.

The bombings, critics claim, may actually be the work of Islamic militants angry over the presence of American troops and foreign workers in Saudi Arabia, where Islam's two most holy cities—Mecca and Medina—are located. Unable to smile directly at the Saudi royal family, militants are targeting foreigners. While the Saudis have denied those allegations, since Sept. 11, the country's leadership has been accused of not doing enough to control

either for angiography procedures and once after a suicide attempt—have witnessed the once-lively man "literally about 60 lbs and the least very drawn and pale," says his father. "But he still has a spark—a defiant spark."

Sampson, 52, will soon need all the defense and courage he can muster. If found guilty, he could be beheaded in an infamous Riyadh prison known as "chop-chop prison," but since Sept. 11, Sampson's story has all but dropped out of the news, relieving public pressure on the Canadian government to take a more active role in freeing him. Even more troubling, there is confusion over which Saudi lawyer will represent Sampson at his trial, which could be held later this year. And his father, who has recently again been denied permission to see his son, has received little information. "They have never given me any indication of when Bill might get out," says Sampson, who lives in Surrey, B.C. "All they say is, 'It will be over soon, somehow.'—God willing."

More than a dozen Westerners, including Sampson from Vancouver, were arrested late in 2000 after two car bombings



Police investigate one of the car bombings they accused Sampson of committing in November, 2000



Sampson appeared dazed when he confronted the bombings on Saudi television

bootleggers and a former Saudi police officer that most of the country's illicit liquor trade is actually largely run by corrupt princes of the Saudi royal family.

Like princes in the Prohibition era, the current struggle (illegal brand-name liquor into Saudi Arabia, all in to Westerners to distribute and even provide the protection around foreign compounds and underground pubs. A bottle of Johnny Walker Black Label Scotch costs \$225, a case of beer nearly twice as much. By conservative estimates, 150,000 cases of liquor are smuggled into the desert

kingdoms every year, worth as much as \$400 million. "Saudi Arabia is the biggest family business in the world," says a veteran Western diplomat who worked in Riyadh. "The princes run it all."

A former Saudi police officer who once provided protection for bootleggers told *Al-Madani* that most of the booze is brought in by truck from the neighboring United Arab Emirates—where alcohol is easily accessible. Some trucks are rigged with secret compartments or carry an official seal. "No one touches the trucks," he says. "They have automatic clearance."

Once in Saudi Arabia, bootleggers pick up their shipment at their royal suppliers' palaces or at a lesser official's villa. Peter (not his real name) is a 30-year-old Canadian who still lives and works in Saudi Arabia and was once on the front lines of the kingdom's "beverage business." As a minor dealer for about a year, he made \$3,000 a month buying cases of smuggled booze. Although the deal fell through, his supplier—one of four British citizens sentenced in a secret trial in May to floggings and up to four years in jail—was planning to move from bootlegging and hand over the operation to the Canadian. "He said that I could expect to make anywhere from \$50,000 to \$100,000 a month," says Peter. "Now that's a hell of a lot of money."

Did the deal of such vast profits, as the Saudis suggest, lead Sampson to reject the deal? "It could be months, if ever, before anyone hears his answer. In the meantime, officials at the Canadian Embassy in Riyadh who visit Sampson every few weeks report he is in fair health. And following his 15-minute meeting with his son in July, Jim Sampson took some comfort in his son's ambivalent temperament. "He was in his defiant mode," and Jim "he can be a pain. They have him in their power, but I think they are afraid they wish they didn't." Maybe that will be enough to see Bill Sampson through. □

CHECHNYA'S DIRTY WAR

Russian journalist Anna Politkovskaya bears witness to the region's horrors

In August, 1999, militant Islamic fundamentalists based in Chechnya took control of several villages in the neighbouring Russian republic of Dagestan. A month later, two Moscow apartment buildings were bombed. Moscow's mayor said the same group, the *Wahabites*, was responsible. From 1994 to 1996, Russian troops had fought a war in Chechnya in an attempt to crush the independence movement. After the apartment building bombings, Moscow launched another offensive—to find and punish the terrorists. Russian journalist Anna Politkovskaya has visited Chechnya 28 times since the start of that second conflict. Reporting for the Moscow newspaper *Novaya Gazeta*, Politkovskaya rejects Moscow's claims that the terrorists are being weakened and order is being restored. Instead, she reveals a region fraught with human rights abuses and widespread destruction. While visiting Toronto to talk about her new book, *A Dirty War*, she spoke to Maclean's associate editor Susan McClelland. Part of Politkovskaya's account:



Bombed and mutilated corpses from a recent grave

They are afraid to report anything due for fear of the future of their newspapers.

The government threatens to close *Novaya Gazeta* all the time. My life has been threatened and I've been kidnapped, and physically abused. The government accuses me of lying. But I am happy when it does. I tell the government to start legal proceedings against me—then the courts will have to decide what is the truth. The government doesn't want that to happen, so it finds a lie.

The worst that can happen to Chechnya has already happened. I've seen bodies with their heads cut off and mutilated pregnant women with their bellies slit open. Chechnya is no longer his an economy or infrastructure. A child can only go to school two days a week. People are harassed, tortured and detained by the army in the villages and at passport checks.

What has happened with Afghanistan is what is happening in Chechnya. Bombing, while people without any thought to the people who live there is a strange way of trying to crush terrorism. Two-and-a-half years since the beginning of the war, the



The author in Toronto

terrorist leaders are still free.

Of course Russian support of U.S. intervention at Afghanistan is to bolster support of its own war in Chechnya. It is one way President Vladimir Putin can avoid foreign criticism for the drugs happening there. When I talk to people in Chechnya they ask, "Why are we forgotten by the West?" Now I can tell them: George

Bush supports Putin in this war.

Chechnya wasn't the war stopped. They are unable to Afghanistan the civilian population is against the fundamentalism. I don't have an overwhelming desire to go to Chechnya. I am the only person with a permit from my paper and we must get this information out. Then there is the child who told me he wished he was dead. His name is Abram, and he is still alive. Which is very important because many of the people in *A Dirty War* have been killed since I wrote about him. Abram, he is in a refugee camp in Ingushetia, in neighbouring Russian state, with his mother. But by the time *A Dirty War* was published, his father had been killed by a bomb.



Mary Janigan

Lessons from real life

Richard Shillingford's great adventure began with a call out of the blue from a veteran Toronto social worker. Would the Ottawa missionaries, who specializes in social policy, agree to work with not really people for eight weeks? He could stay at the University of Toronto's Harbourfront Massey College, making his way each day to the party neighbourhood around St. Christopher House. And he could teach the staff of the 90-year-old community organization how to pick their way through the thicket of income support programs. As soon as CEO Susan Piger described her vision, Shillingford agreed. "I had been really uncomfortable about the role of poverty advocates with university degrees speaking on behalf of low-income people," he says. "Her timing was perfect."

And so began an experiment in the autumn of 2000 that brought frontline workers who grapple with the woes of the unemployed, low-income elderly and welfare mothers into

the 21-year-old Filicia Vito, a single mother of two daughters who was on social assistance. When her elder daughter, Bianca, was born in 1999, Vito, who makes \$895 a month from the province, opened a registered education savings plan for her, putting aside \$32.50 each month. Her social worker wanted her that when the fund reached \$895, she would be cut off—because welfare recipients are not allowed to put aside savings. "I wanted Bianca to have something to fall back on, to be able to go to school," says Vito. "I tried to explain that I could not touch the money. They didn't listen."

For the St. Christopher House staff, it was equally eye-opening—because Shillingford eventually found a way to explain tax cuts. He outlined, for example, how the Guaranteed Income Supplement (GIS), which boosts the Old Age Security pensions of low-income elderly is clawed back by 50 cents for every dollar they receive from outside sources such

For an Ottawa policy expert, meeting the people social programs are supposed to help was an eye-opener

as RRSPs. Some low-income elderly draw enough extra money that they also have to pay tax on a portion of it—at a rate of about 25 per cent. So their so-called marginal tax rate—the rate on the last dollar of income—can reach 75 per cent. Meanwhile, programs such as Meals on Wheels and home care are priced according to a recipient's gross income. So the seniors with extra income who need a lot of such help have an "effective tax rate" of more than 100 per cent—because everybody takes a chunk of that extra income, not realizing that it is already subject to the double whammy of taxes and clawbacks.

Most important, Shillingford put the staff in touch with federal policymakers. Early this year, because of research he did while at St. Christopher House on people who are eligible for the GIS but do not receive it, Ottawa will be releasing a report about 200,000 seniors to see if they are entitled. He is also campaigning for the creation of tax vehicles that will allow some income Canadians to save for their old age—without loss of punitive taxation cuts. As it stands, it is clearly counterproductive for them to put money into RRSPs because of the conformity tax effects in retirement. "I am concerned about fairness for middle-income people who work and save and get no benefit," says C. D. Howe Institute research director Bill Robson, who has joined the new blue-black St. Christopher House advisory committee. "And I see obvious accountability for those programs, should people like that working and saving provide no benefit."

Not bad for eight weeks of Shillingford's work. Piger tried to get a federal civil servant to conduct the same experiment but failed. No one could find the time. ■

Regretting their return

Many Kosovars who went home now wish they had stayed in Canada

For Serbs, the small province of Kosovo is the symbolic heartland of their country. For Kosovo ethnic Albanians, it has been their homeland for hundreds of years—one they say should be independent. Over the past 10 years, those conflicting agendas fueled a bloody war between ethnic Albanians and Serb troops that finally came to an end in 1999 after Western allies delivered an ultimatum to Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic: accept a peace plan that would give Kosovo semi-independence or face action by NATO. Milosevic said firm, and the bombs began raining down. That 78-day campaign, and ethnic cleansing by Serb troops, resulted in a flood of Kosovo refugees, not only in all 10 neighboring Macedonia and Albania. Other countries took them in—some 7,500 ethnic Albanians ended up in Canada. Of those, about 1,500 agreed, but did not decide to go back to a bombarded state, or the work of NATO's offensive, is mired in poverty and still a part of Serbia, although the fighting has ceased. For many, it was not a happy homecoming, as journalist Sally Armstrong discovered during a recent visit to Kosovo. Her report:

Makelli is also bitter about his return. On the day a reporter visits him, he is arguing with UN troops who have come to search the house for hidden arms. "They destroyed the roof," Makelli complains. "All they found was a few rifles and a knife." He claims the guns are for hunting, as is the vicious dog caged in the yard. The soldiers only add to his anger. Makelli says he would love to be far away from it all—in Canada. "Seventy per cent of the people have nothing in Kosovo," says Makelli, who recently lost his job as a bricklayer.



Facing the Serbian army in May, 1999

The power is all again in the war-torn capital of Pristina. The early morning chill is shattered by the shrieks of children streaming through the lobby "Branan, Nugan Falls, Blue Jays, CN Tower," they yell. The Bjugaj family, who fled to Canada during the 1999 war in Kosovo, are home again in Pristina. As the children, Lepidina, 9, Gero, 11, and Arnel, 13, continue demonstrating their hard-earned skills in English at the top of their lungs, their father, Nisfi, can only shrug at their job skills. "My children are here in Kosovo physically," he says sadly during a meeting with *Maclean's* at the hotel. "In every other way they are still in Canada. Bringing their home was the worst mistake I ever made."

Bjugaj is not alone in lamenting his decision. On the outskirts of the city, in a white stone house with a cow barn out front and a garden full of vegetables, Enver

"We got nothing from the government, and nothing from the private sector."

All of the Kosovars who came to Canada could have stayed. On the day Makelli, his wife and their sons boarded a flight for home, they received permission to move to Thimble Bay, Ont., where they would have been allowed to work and become Canadian citizens. But the decision had been made. Now Makelli and other emigrant businessmen—and Canadians who worked with the refugees—say they were misled by immigration officials into making up their minds to leave—a claim government officials strongly deny. "They were hoodwinked," says Sylvia Solomon-Belitsky, an official with the Ontario Ministry of Education who volunteered to help the refugees in Canada. Instead of being given adequate information and time to consider their options, she says, the Bjugajs "were told a plane was leaving for

Macedonia in two weeks. They said, 'We have to decide if you want to be on it in 48 hours—we have an idea when the next one is leaving.' " Faced with that apparent deadline, worrying about loved ones back home, many decided to travel, and now live with memories and regrets.

It's a short ride from the Grand Hotel to the Bjugaj family's home. Their cozy, two-bedroom apartment is filled with memorabilia collected during their three-month stay in Canada that began at CFB Trenton, 165 km east of Toronto, in May, 1999. Visitors are greeted by a poster and photos of Niagara Falls displayed on a wooden credenza, next to, a plastic Canadian flag on a proudly on a desk. On a table, an album overflows with photographs of the family in Canada. "It's hard to imagine finding so much happiness again," says Nisfi's wife, Rahmet, as she serves strong Turkish coffee before sitting through the photos.

For Kosovars like the Bjugajs and Makellis, the long journey began brutally in late March, 1999, when Serb soldiers and police began rounding up ethnic Albanians. At dinner time, police hammered on the Bjugaj door and told them they had exactly one minute to leave. "It was very cold," Bjugaj says, his voice breaking as he recalls that terrifying night. "We walked to the train station while paramilitary soldiers beat us with rifle butts, soccer bats and yulles. 'Never come back!'" Once in the station, they joined thousands of others leaving by train for Macedonia. "Soldiers robbed us and trampled our women, paroling off their earrings and rings," Nisfi recalls.

The family was pushed off the train at the border and spent the next three days in a no man's land, sleeping on the ground and trying to avoid the land mines strewn about. When they were finally allowed into Macedonia, they spent eight days in an open field before being housed two days in a tent that would be home for the next five weeks. "I tried to keep the



The Bjugaj family (above), and Enver Makelli and his wife, Nisfi (below), at their homes in Pristina, are struggling to survive



VIRTUALLY YOURS

Communicating Real-Time

Today, most of us can't imagine working or keeping in touch with loved ones without e-mail. In fact, more than one-third of us use our PCs to communicate. But what if there was an even easier, more efficient way to communicate via the PC? This is where instant messaging comes in.

Fifty-seven percent of Canadians are taking advantage of instant messengers*. It's so easy, fun and quick way to communicate — and it costs pennies compared to long distance phone calls. But as real-time messaging continues to evolve, users want as even more complete communication experience, and they want to be in control. That's why Windows XP, Microsoft's newest operating system, is making real-time messaging even faster.

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With real-time messaging, we are truly capitalizing on the worldwide reach of the Internet and staying better connected to the people who matter. Eventually, you'll wonder what you ever did without it.

*Source: Ipsos Reid, June 2001

Susan Sharp,
Digital Lifestyle Advisor

Canada and the World

children warm, but I couldn't keep them clean," says Rahme. "They got ice in their hair and by the time we got to Canada we all smelled so awful I was ashamed."

To relieve the pressure on the camps, 30 countries agreed to take some refugees in Nasir Baghaj thought his family should go to Germany because it was close. "Then one day," he recalls, "a UN officer from Canada came to me and said, 'Why don't you want to go to Canada? In Germany you'll live in another tent camp. In Canada you will live in a house.' So I said, 'Yes, we'll go to Canada.' The Makallis were given the same opinion and did not hesitate. "We saw a film about Canada before we were sent," says Ernest Makalli. "So when we had a chance to leave the refugee camp, we chose Canada."

Both families were bused to the airport in Skopje, the Macedonian capital, and flew to Munich on a chartered Air Canada jet. There, their planes refueled before continuing on. When their plane finally landed at CFB Trenton on May 6, Nasir Baghaj says, "The smell of the passengers was so bad people 500 m away noticed it." After a brief stay at Timone, the Baghaj went on to Camp Borden, 80 km north of Toronto, where they spent nearly a month. Then Solomon-Berezkin, who was helping, introduced them to Toronto lawyer Philip Silber, who had agreed to take the family into his home as part of a national sponsorship program. "I had enough room," says Silber. "It was only an inconvenience for me. It was a sacrifice for them."

For the Baghaj, the following three months were filled with sightseeing, learning English—even water-skiing at a cottage north of the city, something they'd seen on television but never thought they'd be able to try. The Baghaj children haven't forgotten the experience. As their parents reminisce, they dash across the apartment, mimicking their parents on water skis and then gleefully producing photographs of their days on the lake.

While the Baghaj kids were unhappy to leave, Makalli's three boys are deeply embarrassed. In Canada, Dieder, 18, Aron, 17, and Alban, 16, took to their new surroundings immediately. Aron joined a soccer team after the family was moved to CFB Borden, and the three of them began to plan their future in Canada. But under pressure from immigration authorities to

make a decision, and feeling they should return to their extended families in Kosovo, Makalli and his wife, Ninie, decided to leave. Their children are still furious. "What are you doing to us?" asks Aron. "Just you lose your job as a bricklayer. Now you lose Canada for us."

Nothing could have prepared the newcomers for what they were to find in Kosovo. Rahme Baghaj alone had lost 13 members of her family, some of them murdered. When the Baghaj returned to their apartment, they discovered all their clothing, linen, carpets and dishes had been stolen. Now 18 months later, they are struggling to survive. Both are university-trained law clerks—but can't find work in that field. Rahme is working in the claims department of an insurance company and Nasir is managing a school. "Each month we have exactly enough money to pay the bills and buy the food," Nasir says. "But if anything happens, if the car breaks down, if someone gets sick, we're in trouble."

Their children have not forgotten their ordeal. Arsonal and Ljigolova still have nightmares and scream in their sleep. Their anguish only fuels the family's despair. They are applying to return to Canada, and bringing out a 10-year file of correspondence with Canadian immigration officials. Solomon-Berezkin is helping out by working on the Baghaj's case at the Canadian desk. "They've been told they cannot return," she says. "I know they can't come back as refugees. But they can come as immigrants."

Like the Baghaj, the Makallis came home to an empty house but in their case, they had an empty bag as well. Now Makalli, who has a lingering back problem from a beating by Serbian police in 1999, also wants to return although he has not formally applied. He pulls a letter from his pocket and steps it down on the coffee table in his tiny living room. It is from the Canadian government and written in Albanian—words of welcome he received shortly after he arrived at CFB Trenton on May 5, 1999. He carries it around like a passport. "This country Canada didn't even know me," he says. "But they gave me this message in my own language. I wish it was a Canadian passport." That is something many Kosovo refugees wish they owned.

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Mennonite millionaires

A disparate trio of family enterprises in rural Manitoba has two things in common—the founders' religion and sales of around \$100 million each

BY DANYLO HAWALESHKA in Athens

In a cavernous printing plant—walls hospital white, floor sparkling clean—a German goes as big as a city bus devouring three desktop-sized sheets of paper every second. A stack of tractor caps lifts and feeds each gleaming sheet into the \$4-million press, now with a rapid-fire clack-clack-clack. Aluminum plates and rollers smothered with ink churn out the words and pictures of a book that will soon grace someone's office table. The speed and quality are state-of-the-art. "I've worked in that company all my life," says David G. Friesen, chief executive of Friesen Corp. and the company founder's grandson, "and it's really quite something to see the size of presses we have and the kind of work we can turn out today."

It certainly is, but if you had to guess when Friesen is situated, most people might say Toronto, the owner of English Canada's publishing armory. Guess again. Deep in Mennonite country, tucked into the brutal expanse of prairie-flat farmland as hardy drive south of Winnipeg, rises tiny Athens, pop. 3,300. Here, in the sunflower capital of Canada, Friesen's grandfather, the late David W. Friesen, started business in 1907 with a general store before expanding into printing. Last year, two blocks from where the store once stood, Friesen's nearly 600 employees ran off 25 million books in two plants. (To date, they've printed almost 500,000 copies of *Henry Ford and the Golden Rule* for the Canadian mission.) Because the company is privately held, it doesn't divulge financial records, says president Carwin Friesen (no relation). "It's fun to say," he allows, "we're approaching \$100 million in sales."

And they're not the only ones. At its turn out, there's a rural wealth here of influential Mennonites with a knack for creating \$100-million companies. A short drive

west of Athens lies Winkler, home to Triple E Canada Ltd. The privately held company assembled its first camping trailer in 1965, then started building permanent mobile homes. In 1980, Triple E substantially added to its bottom line by launching its Lode-King Industries division, which manufactures heavy-duty commercial highway trailers for 18-wheelers. Last year, Triple E shipped about 1,000 recreational vehicles—trailers and motor homes—and about 1,500 cargo trailers.

Over in Steinbach—100 km northeast of Winkler, closer to Winnipeg but still deep in Mennonite country—they make windows, lots of them. Started in 1955, C.P. Loewen Enterprises Ltd. today moves 600 panes from out the door a day, furnishing some of the most expensive homes in the U.S.

Friesen, Triple E and Loewen were all started by Mennonite families who ran down to this day, overseeing once-modest enterprises that have become industrial powerhouses. It's a testament to the loyalty and ingenuity of their workforces, their leadership and the Mennonites, says David Sprange, a senior manager at the Manitoba Department of Industry, Trade and Mines. "They've got an excellent work ethic," he says, "a solid skill base and lots of community support."

The Mennonite faith, named for Dutch peasant Marco Simons, grew out of the Anabaptist reform movement and the 16th-century Protestant Reformation in Europe. Followers from Holland to Ukraine were often on the move, persecuted for beliefs that include adult baptism and the refusal to bear arms. From 1883 onward, many fled to America to escape military service. The first Mennonites arrived in Canada from Pennsylvania in 1786, settling in Orkney's Niagara Peninsula and what are now the Toronto and Kitchener-Waterloo areas. In the 1870s, about 7,000 Dutch

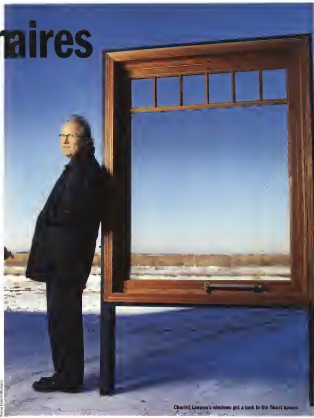
Mennonites who had sought sanctuary in Russia came to southern Manitoba. Following the Bolshevik Revolution, another 20,000 moved to the Prairies in the 1920s.

Conservative Mennonites like those around Kitchener-Waterloo—and their long split-off religious cousins, the Amish of Pennsylvania—lead austere lives. They wear plain clothing and shun motorized vehicles in favor of horse-drawn carriages. But the Mennonites of southern Manitoba are more liberal and lead a contemporary lifestyle. Many, though, still speak the German dialect of their ancestors.

Charity is important to Mennonites. Friesen is helping to pay for a hockey arena and water park in Athens. Triple E is aiding in the expansion of a church in Winkler, and Steinbach's C.P. Loewen Family Foundation, named after the son of Loewen's founder, handed out over \$1 million last year in sales ranging from fish to the cross-section. The Mennonite Central Committee, which raises money for Third World relief, is active in all three towns.

Beyond a commitment to the community, Mennonites have a well-deserved reputation for being a talented, hard-working bunch. With a background in farming, many are skilled with tools and machinery. In 1907, towns were growing around new rail lines and David W. Friesen, a devout Mennonite with little interest in farming, saw an opportunity to open a multi-story general store, post office and telephone exchange. He later had three sons—David K., Theodore and Raymond—and knew the way they could sustain four families. The Friesens started rolling out schools, wholesaling paper, pencils, desks and textbooks. That's how they got into printing. Back then, textbooks came primarily from Toronto, not too much, and took a long time to get to Athens.

Friesen printed its first book in the



Charles Loewen's windows got a look in the Friesen home

1936—a 160-page arithmetic text. School yearbooks, which became popular in the 1940s, drove the company's initial growth. Today, 25 per cent of its business is in yearbooks in Canada and the United States, including those for universities such as Stanford.

Francis is now the largest independent book manufacturer in Canada, boasting that it accounts for about 65 per cent of the hardcover titles printed in the country. It also sells out softcover mega-hits like the popular *Company's Coming* cookbook, written by Jose Paez of Vermilion, Alta. There are more than 50 *Company's Coming* titles, with total sales surpassing 17 million. Francis has printed 90 per cent of them. Oddly, perhaps, the company also makes the famous Boko jeweller's blue box.

For the past decade, sales have increased by 10 to 15 per cent annually, says Carve Francis. As of November, they were up 15 per cent over 2000. The staff, which is not unionized, benefits from a profit-sharing plan the three Francis brothers introduced in the late 1960s. Today, the company sets aside 10 per cent of its pretax profit for its employees. "In a good year," says Carve Francis, "that could approach a monthly salary for a production worker."

Francis also prides itself on being employee-owned, since the 1980s. David Francis owns, at 20 per cent, the smallest. He's the only family member who still holds shares—because to do so you have to work for the company. Staff can, if they wish, buy and sell stock at a shifting, company-set market value, some get hefty payouts on retirement. Francis says his grandfatherly installed in him the notion the belief that they should trust staff like family. So far, employees haven't seen the need to unionize. "I'm not one who is ideologically opposed to unions," says Francis. "With a chuckle, he adds, "I don't know that I'd want to be that in print, but unions are a product of what employees want. If they think they need a union, then they form one, or should form one."

Phillip Eas, one of the E's in Triple E, is a hard-chested man with powerful hands who seemed to sing and direct choral music when he was young. After he married in his early 20s, his wife seriously misled him into low Peter W. Eas, asking him to join in plumbing and heating



Peter David Francis, atop a stack of Harry Potters, gets a push from Carve Francis.

business. Together they converted hundreds of residential furnace to natural gas in the early 1960s. In 1964, Peter Eas took a break to volunteer in Eldon, Ind., where his Mennonite missionary was building a chapel. As he turned out, Eldon is the North American capital of the recreational-vehicle industry, with dozens of manufacturers and dealers in the area. Eas figured it would be a good idea to build what the company today calls "concepts on wheels." He asked his son-in-law to join him. "Before he got back," recalls Eas, "I had already taken an option on a piece of land here."

It was a cow pasture back then, with a creek running through the middle of it. They put up a building, and together with Peter Eas, who had married into the Eas family, they formed Triple E (for Eas, Eas and Eas). In the fall of 1965, Eas rolled out their first four-metre trailer. Another 50 units followed in the first 12 months. The year after that, it was an expedition on the travelling public house in Expo 67 in Montreal, they added a second and larger model and took

a road of 327 units. Today Triple E is the only Canadian manufacturer of Class-A motor homes—self-contained behemoths which retail for as much as \$300,000. Revenue is over \$100 million, growing at around 10 per cent a year.

But the story wasn't that simple. With consolidation sweeping the RV industry, Vancouver billionaire Jimmy Pattison bought Triple E in 1969. He had gotten big fast, and the three E's lacked the managerial expertise to take things further, says Eas. Pattison expanded the company, adding new buildings, but then the oil crisis hit in 1973 and gasoline prices skyrocketed. Pattison wound out. Eas obliged, and bought Triple E back. He became its chief executive and majority owner.

In 1980, Triple E started Lode-King Industries, and began successfully manufacturing, premarriage-proof highway trailers, a short drive from Triple E's RV plant in Winkler. Less successfully, the company bought SkyLark Recreational Vehicles Ltd. in Lethbridge, Alta., in 1979. It didn't turn a profit. After using it to build mobile



Triple E CEO Eas (left) and president Lawrence Eas have big things on the go.

homes, Eas finally sold the division to Japanese interests in 1996. Thereby allowed Eas to pour capital into Lode-King and consolidate operations close to home. "We had unions to deal with in Lethbridge," says Eas. "We don't have any unions here. We function better without unions."

Religious faith plays an important role in Eas' life. He often hears the line about the Mennonite work ethic, but he doesn't buy it. Lots of people work hard, he says. The difference is in how Mennonites lead their lives. Drugs, alcohol and cursing are frowned upon, he says. Absenteeism on Mondays among Triple E's 550 employees is no worse than on any other day. The reason? "Well," answers Eas, "why do we build big churches here? Is there a correlation here somewhere?"

Inside the sprawling expanse of Loewen Windows in Steinbach, can you, the high-pitched whine of power saws can be painful. An even louder hammer easily rips through the background chorale to announce it's time for a 12-minute afternoon break. The wood of choice here: nothing

but top-notch West Coast Douglas fir, the hardest of the softwoods, with a naturally high resistance to decay. The windows are intricate in detail. Craftsmanship at Loewen, Canada's largest manufacturer of wood windows, is highly regarded within the industry.

Loewen windows, as well as the doors the company makes, are built into some of the most luxurious homes in North America. It's ironic that Mennonites, who pride themselves on simplicity, care to such an affluent market. "We recognize we're working with an affluent level," says Mark Teske, Loewen's corporate success officer, "although building an enduring product with a high degree of quality that will last through many generations is a non-negotiable practical application."

No doubt Corneilus T. Loewen, the son of Mennonite immigrants from Russia, would be impressed. Loewen learned how to cut wood from his father, a part-time sawmillier. In 1905, he recognized the potential that lay in the home forest that bordered Steinbach, lying abundant aspen, birch and spruce. Winning, just 50

km away, promised riches hungry for wood products. The early Loewen plant made bee-keeping equipment, church pews and hydro pole cross-members by the thousands. Windows and doors became a sideline. The company has grown steadily. Since 1960, there have been 12 plant expansions.

In the early days, practicing Christians had a better chance of getting a job at Loewen. That, of course, has changed, says Teske. "We lost a good amount having to do with tolerance and human rights." The company still holds a non-discriminational service, every Tuesday morning for any employee who wishes to attend. For a start, the language on the shop floor was exclusively Low German. While Mennonites still make up the core of the workforce, the company has become more ethnically diverse as Steinbach has grown, says Corneilus Loewen, grandson of the founder, current chief executive and co-owner with his three brothers. "Our non-penitents of human resources don't really know much about Mennonites, and our vice-president of manufacturing is a Mennonite of Swiss descent," says Loewen. "They have to introduce a work ethic in the German Mennonite day today."

Like the others, Loewen's 1,800 employees have no union. The company's profit-sharing plan calls for five per cent of earnings to be put aside for stock options. Of the thousands, 15 per cent go to the employees. In 1999, it worked out to as much as 20 per cent of their annual salaries, says Teske.

Still, a recent workforce survey showed widespread discontent with salaries. So Loewen blundered in payroll by \$2.5 million in October, or about \$2,000 annually per full-time employee. To keep pace with an aggressive, 20-per-cent-a-year growth plan, the company paid 100 job openings in September. The region's prosperity, and that of its largest employer, are evident. The Steinbach credit union has more assets than any other single-branch credit union in Canada—an excess of \$1 billion. Sales are good, says Loewen, "well over a \$100 million, just on 500,000. How well over?" "Not well enough," Loewen says with a heavy laugh. Behind the joking is an accomplished competitor. It's hard to distinguish Francis, Triple E and Loewen—that and something special about the Mennonite way. ■



A nurturing ATM

More people use bank machines to get cash, or maybe pay a few bills. But NCR Corp. expects the ATM of the future to become a "physical fulfillment device." You'll still be able to withdraw money, but NCR's concept ATM, a prototype called *Provision*, can print travel tickets, maps, digital photographs and more, says Mark Gould, chief technology officer at NCR's Advanced Concepts Lab in Dundee, Scotland. Even Freud's appearance was given special thought: "If you're shaped for a good reason," says Gould. "Psychologically, humans like the shape because it gives you a feeling of trust and of security."

Unlike today's ATMs, Friendson has no screen or keyboard. Users access it with their own handheld computer or an Internet-enabled cellphone equipped to send and receive infrared signals or Bluetooth radio waves. In one scenario, a person who has just arrived at a new city might retrieve a map from the Internet using a cellphone. The visitor can then beam the map to the ATM to print a hard copy for a fee. Friendson claims digital copies of each other could beam data to the same or make prints on the spot. Friendson uses high-capacity wireless broadband technology so users who want to pick up concert tickets ordered by phone could also retrieve MP3 music files sent to the ATM by the musician.

Other applications include selling kids (or these days, plenty of adults) extra electronic characters for play on portable game consoles. And there's still a side that spins out money—NCR strategists believe the cashless society remains a long

way off. Consumer trials in Scandinavia could start as early as March.

No more hiding

Mobile tags are a fixture at industry conventions, but not everyone likes wearing them. Shockfields SA, of Lagny-sur-Seine, Switzerland, offers a clever alternative called Sports, a wireless, page-micro device that conference organizers can hand out to delegates for an unbelieved price. Sports sign into a nearby server to access data on all the participants. Users can program it to either beep or vibrate whenever a potential business client comes within 10 m, while it displays the person's photograph, name and line of work. Sports also offers a chat application useful for arranging business meetings. So much for getting lost in a crowd.

*Theresa M. Kover, PhD*

COOL SITE

Life on the edge

The internet offers just about anyone a twice-on-the-world-stage, deserved or not. One who does deserve it is Natthawit Daorung, a teenager in Thailand who kicked his drug addiction. Natthawit, who goes by his nickname Got, keeps a diary of

www.thalunlife.com, a gritty chronicle of his age and downs in words and pictures. The site, widely noted internationally, offers a telling glimpse of Gor's country, culture and battle to clean himself up.



Donald Cox

Watch out for beggars

As the new year dawned, a major foreign currency was the hot topic. The introduction of the euro across 12 countries of the European Union certainly is an important development, but its birthdate has been known for so long that its arrival hardly counts as hot news. As is so often the case when a far-reaching global story is unfolding, the news media are looking the wrong way.

The last time the world press missed a huge currency story because it was focusing on a glamorous development elsewhere came in July, 1997. The global glitziest had gathered in Hong Kong, staying in the world's most expensive hotel rooms, as well as the takeover of that outpost of capitalism by the heirs to Mao.

There was no room on TV or in most newspapers for another story. Thailand quietly announced it was letting the sub flow. The babe promptly sank. Within days, financial institutions across Asia were reeling, as devaluations and defaults spread like a runaway virus. Stock markets plunged, and the scariest global financial crisis in years erupted. What became known as "The Asian Contagion" was the biggest economic crisis of the year. (The word I coined in the time has since become a term of plague was "tsunami," but it doesn't seem to have caught this economic disaster.)

What is the big story the media are overlooking this time? Answer: the devaluation of the Japanese yen. It fell against the U.S. dollar for 11 straight days in the last two weeks of 2001, and that hasn't happened for these decades. Since early November, it has fallen from 120 to 132 yen/U.S. dollar.

It's a big story when the currency of the world's second biggest economy breaks support and falls 10 per cent with no end in sight. But, as Thailand's badly battered devaluation showed, an even bigger story is the possibility that the devaluation will shake the global financial system.

During the Depression, nations sought to gain competitive advantages by devaluing their currencies. The term used by economists for this process was "beggar the neighbor."

The Japanese economy has been in recession all on the brink since April/Foods Day 1999, when the government boosted sales taxes. (One would think the government would have learned from that disastrous miscalculation. Don't bet on it: some high-placed officials in the ministry of finance, the economic equivalent of the Japanese soldiers who were still fighting the Second World War in remote islands in late in the 1970s)

are once again calling on the government to raise taxes.)

Japan has been losing global market share to China, even in computers. One way to restore Japanese competitiveness is to devalue the yen compared with the Chinese currency, the renminbi. If that's the strategy, they've got a long way to go. Chinese factory wage rates are five per cent of those of Japanese workers.

The other reason for devaluation is to try to get the economy moving by offsetting the effect of deflation on interest rates. A recent study by the global economists at Credit Suisse First Boston explained it well: "The cure mechanism... is the devaluation option: deflation with a mild inflation (at least for a period, as the price level gradually rises). According to the

theory, this allows real short-term interest rates to become negative, which they cannot do at the moment because nominal rates are already zero, yet prices are falling. This cut in real rate stimulates demand and allows the economy to recover."

They conclude that the current devaluation isn't enough: Japan would have to slash the yen value from 750 to 600 to set the economy moving.

If so, Asia would be thrown into shock. Not only would its Tigers (such as Korea and Taiwan) be sure to devalue, but China would almost certainly cut the value of the renminbi. China threatened to do just that in July 1998, when the yen was sinking towards 150. Beijing let their U.S. treasury secretary Robert Rubin know it would Japan to resolve the yen's slump to as low as 125, or it would devalue its currency.

That threat of calamity was averted when the Long Term Capital crisis in October, 1998, forced the Federal Reserve Board into massive reflationism. The Bank of Japan did not offset the flood of dollars, and the yen rose all the way to 115. China was delighted, Nandaq sawed the global economy was saved—and Japan did deserve (also deflation).

As you read this, the Asian class are pondering how they will respond to the first global deflationary downturn in 50 years. If they succumb to deflation, they would export serious deflation to the rest of the world. Prices of manufactured goods, such as steel, computers, cars, semiconductors and electronics, would fall sharply. North American manufacturers would discover that for them the recession was, by comparison, a golden age.

Donald Case is chairman of Harris Investment Management in Chicago and Toronto-based Jones Howard Investments

People may be talking about the euro, but the yen is the story now. Its devaluation could mean big trouble globally.

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STAND-UP GUY

Brendan Shanahan got over the pain of Nagano. Now he's taking another shot at Olympic gold.



BY JAMES BEACON in Detroit

Only a movie star with a slightly twisted sense of humor—Brendan Shanahan is guilty on both counts—could survive being the star of his own version of *Groundhog Day*. As in the film starring Bill Murray, Shanahan's professional life has a recurring-dream-like quality, but unlike the movie, the recurring part is anything but a comedy. Shanahan's moment, captured on video at the 1998 Winter Games in Nagano, Japan, goes like this: He is playing for Canada against Czech Republic for a berth in the gold-medal men's hockey final. The teams have played to a 1-1 tie through regulation and overtime, and at happens only at the Olympics, the tie has to be broken in a shootout—five penalty shots each. The Czechs score on their first try, then each team fails until Canada has just one final shooter—Shanahan. If he scores, Canada stays alive. He picks up the puck at center and powers across the blue line, towards goaltender Dominik Hasek. Waiting until the last second, he flicks to his right, but the uncanny Hasek steps with him. Shanahan shoots, Hasek

saves. The Czechs win, Canada loses.

How many times has that replay been shown on Canadian TV? Whichever it's a loss. During a time of intense national insecurity about hockey, that replay has been used to illustrate Canada's lost prominence whenever experts convene to discuss what's wrong with our player-development system. And it was used even more frequently while the Canadian Hockey Association and Wayne Gretzky were busy choosing the 2002 Olympic team. Only in Canada could the selection of 23 players become the subject of year-long debate and breathless anticipation.

As a result, there are fans and even some reporters who will bombard Shanahan with questions that are phrased in ways that assume, even now, that all his life events have been irreparably damaged by his Olympic experience, by his Olympic experience irreparably damaged their lives, or all of the above. The inquisitors see his entire career through the prism of that one play, when he reflexed through a 49-second 1994-1995 season with the Detroit Red Wings, they wonder if he was "tall" depressed by what happened in Nagano, when he got off to a blistering start in the

current National Hockey League season, they concluded he was "desperate" to make the 2002 Olympic team and "stare" for 1998.

In the flesh, Shanahan doesn't look like a tragic figure. Doesn't look depressed, either. Happy marriage, nice home, a first-place team and more money than he can spend. Popular, too: he leads all North American vote-getters in balloting for next month's all-star game. Looks like a man in the prime of his life, having fun, doing stuff he loves. He didn't need the Olympic carrot to play well—"I can't remember a single season when, as it was approaching, I felt that I didn't have something to prove," he says. Yet as much as he might like to tell people to get over it, he was simply raised too well, and he knows people believe what they want to believe, facts be damned. Someday, though, he might just lose it—how many times can a guy have his nose rubbed in it and still stay sane?

That question alone makes him the most intriguing player that Canada is sending to the Salt Lake City Olympics next month. But don't count on him cracking. The guy's a glutton for punishment, by playing his way onto the squad,



Sports

he's certain to face even more questions about 1998. He's definitely used to people trying to run with his head, too, he has played for and run about it, coaches Mike Keenan and Scotty Bowman, both accomplished mind-game players. And his face is proof he can take the hard going—his nose never has any issue.

But there's another thing that makes him an interesting pick. Generally his off-ice life is as simple as a game with more speed and finesse than the one in 1998, but Shanahan's selection suggests a need for toughness, too. The six-foot, three-inch winger possesses all the on-ice skills and a core of the NHL's most prolific scor-

ers and bats and digs and digging in the garden. But under before, in any estimation of Brendan Shanahan, there is likely an element of fiction. As a series of pro-Nagato TV commercials showed, he's a natural born. A vintage reader of historical novels, he's also known for embellishing his CV to represent whoppy into his psyche. As a result, they have reported in good faith that he's spent off-seasons training with the bulls at Pamplona, meditating at a Tibetan monastery and playing a big part in *Forrest Gump*. He claimed he once stood up in the Wings' dressing room after a rough loss and quoted a passage out of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night*

beer even before leaving Nagato, and with the assurance of teammates who reminded him that it took all of them to lose that day. Sure, Hawk snored him, but then Theo Flury, Ray Bourque, Joe Nieuwendyk and Eric Lindros all were fielded in the shootout before he had his chance. As well, Canada had chances to put the game away in regulation and overtime, but didn't. And even if he had scored, it would only have tied it up; there was no guarantee of victory. Anyway, by the time the NHL playoffs rolled around that spring—he helped Detroit win the Stanley Cup in June—he had done his mourning and moved on. Shanahan re-



On trips as a toddler (with his brothers behind) and a teenager (right), Shanahan learned about Ireland from his dad. In Nagato, he suffered alone (opposite).



Dennis. So how much of what he's saying can we believe? He smiles his crooked smile. "As much as you want," he says.

Sitting in the player's lounge at Detroit's Joe Louis Arena after practice, Shanahan is picking at a salad and pushing ancient history out of the way. For the record, the Nagato shootout hurt like hell at the time. He remembers the aftermath, off by himself, being at the water with his head cradled in his hockey-gloved hands as the Canucks celebrated. "I took it very hard, losing at the Olympics," he says. "And maybe I did take it more personally, having been the last guy in the shootout, having the last chance after everybody else missed. And it came down to that one last shot."

That said, the long face didn't last. He eased the pain with the odd pint of Anhe-

moen's. So how much of what he's saying can we believe? He smiles his crooked smile. "As much as you want," he says.

members a Canadian reporter who arranged an interview during the playoffs and was surprised that the man he found was, well, so normal. "I guess he figured I'd be a chain-smoker or an some kind of antisocialist," Shanahan says. "But that wasn't me at all."

The real Shanahan was revealed in the way he externally dealt with the situation. He rationalized, weighed things and eventually let emotion give way to reason. After a few weeks, he says, "I had a pretty good perspective, I understood things pretty well." Even Hall, a teammate in St. Louis in the mid-'90s and now again in Detroit, says he wasn't surprised to see his old pal put the disappointment behind him. "He takes in everything and deals with it very rationally and logically," says Hall. "In some ways, he's always going to be a big kid, which is the great thing about



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Sports

him. But irreflexively, he's older than his years, especially in the way he deals with stuff. There'll be anxious where I'll be musing and musing about something, and he'll be calm and say, 'Maybe there's another way of looking at it.'

That trait comes from his dad, a fire-fighter and, later, director of fire prevention. Denis, who emigrated from County Tipperary, Ireland, to Toronto in 1952, died of Alzheimer's disease in 1990, when he was only 58. By that time, Brendan had been away for two years of junior hockey in London, Ont., and there in the NHL with New Jersey. "When everyone saw the first, he could see the individual first," Shanahan says. "And when everyone was

why—I'd never, ever had the urge before." But he figured it out. "My dad used to get up early in the morning and spend all day in his garden. He had onions, tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes and more in the front yard." The thought makes him laugh. "Growing up, you don't think you're watching, you don't think you're listening, and then one day you become your parents. It's a cliché, but it's true."

Nice in every way, though. He learned to pick up for himself—and here his doing is—from his three scrappy-happy-didgy brothers, Brian, Duane and Shaun. "My father was the exact opposite," says Brian, a former lacrosse star who now works in a broadcast analyst of National Lacrosse

Shanahan is patrolling the left lane of the freeway in his big black sports van, heading from peace in downtown Denver to a charity event at a car dealership and then to his suburban Bennington home. The first lane suits the image of a power forward, although, against the stereotypes, Shanahan is surprisingly calm given that he's late for the charity appearance and locked in rush-hour traffic. And an interviewer along for the ride keeps asking personal questions. About his wife, for instance—Catherine, a social worker. "She's very serious"—he begins, but is interrupted by the ring of his cellphone. In Catherine, his burning "I'm appropriate that you should call just as I'm going you a com-



With wife Catherine (above) and his mother, Brendan (by the Stanley Cup), Shanahan has enjoyed riches and success thanks to a game he excelled at even at age nine.



found on the little things, he'd snap back for the broad picture. He always seemed to be going a different speed from the rest of the crowd. I remember at his funeral he spoke to one of his co-workers telling a story about how they'd be looking over the scene after a fire, scratching their heads, and Daddy said, 'Let's take a break.' And sure enough, they'd go for a cup of tea and an hour later, once if they weren't at the site, they'd figure it out."

There are other similarities. Brendan and his wife, Catherine, bought a century-old house near her family's home in Benning several years ago, and during the subsequent renovation, the yards were all razed up. But then the construction debris was finally hauled away and something strange happened. "I had this urge to go and plant things," he says. "I didn't know

Lacrosse games in Canada. "We use to drive him crazy with our fighting." Brendan would even the worst of them. He just has a saying: "I'm no angel and there are no times when I snap and I wonder, 'When did you come from?'" He'll fly-off-the-handle side was worse when he was younger. "In high school, I got into a fight in every sport—basketball, soccer, football and even track and field." It was in the soccer pen with a judge. "At the same time, he's no goat."

He just loses it occasionally, and that scares the guys who sign his jerseys, who don't like it when their 50-minute session gets into breaking a hand or opposing manager Ken Holland has any choice. "If they double my salary," Shanahan says, "I wouldn't change the way I play."

plotted," he says, his face twisting into a mischievous grin. "What is it that you do again? Lacrosse? Lacrosse? Real estate agent? Teach typing? I forget."

He listens for a while, and all promises he'll be on time—they have a discreet date with two other couples from their neighborhood. Then he explains he's in mode/careless and claims his workmates have been talking behind his back. "Agge [Larson] told this guy that I know way too much about pop culture," he says. "I feel insulted. Should I?" He listens again, and when he hangs up, he turns and says, "My wife says to tell you I have a head full of useless information."

He offers a pained expression, pretending to be cut to the core. "That's just better way of explaining why I always was at Japody," he says. But it's one, he's a

knowledge, sponge, and even the chance his wife had to pursue undergraduate and post-graduate degrees. Education was highly important to his parents—his mother, Rosalind, refused to let him report to his junior year in London until the Kings agreed to pay his university tuition if he failed to make it a pro—but because of his hockey commitments, he never finished high school. In retirement, he plans to go to university and study history and literature. "And I don't know if it would accurately portray me in a job as an English teacher or a history teacher," he says. "Who knows if I'll be any good at it? All I know is I'd be better off now than when I was 18."

Married three years, Catherine and

ones, their rapport with kids says a lot. "Every time he and Catherine come over to my house, he goes down in the basement and plays hockey with this one," he says, teasing little Igor's line. "Shanny has a big beer, you know, and a very good one. You can tell that because the kids love him."

When we talk to Shannahan in his wing, in all alone on Don Mills Road, it's never cut off. This time, though, Shanny firms up and, instead of mistakes, the grey-faced goalie goes with the kids, leaving him just slightly out of position when Shannahan deftly shifts back to his right. Hasek desperately throws a leg out, but his momentum is going the wrong



Baron are ice-driving guinea-hood. They have three kids and, for fun, they borrow other people's kids and take them to movies. This last revelation comes from Larionov, the Wings' veteran centre and run-tugged father of three. He doesn't always go Shannahan jokes, but he likes him anyway. "Last week, Shanny and his wife made a date with my two girls," Larionov said while getting changed after practice one day last month. Hasek, Igor, 5, was by his side. "They went to *Fleety Pinner*. They went for pizza. And then they went to movies. They spent six hours together, and the girls came home with an angry mom. They were so happy."

Shannahan is a natural with kids, a handy coincidence since, early in his pro career, his nickname was "Big" because he looked like "Tom Hanks" character in the movie about a boy locked in an adult's body. To Lar-

ionov, Shannahan smoothly slides the puck to his forehead and flips a shot up over the pad and into the top right corner of the net.

So what if it's just practice at Joe Louis Arena, another day at the office for members of the Red Wings? Who cares? Any drink in Hasek's arena is welcome news to Canadian fans this close to another Olympics. And Hasek doesn't like giving up goals in his sleep, let alone at practice or, heaven forbid, in a game. He was recently named NHL player of the week after giving up a measly three goals in four games. And while Shannahan indulged in only a mock celebration after beating his Wings teammate, he doesn't underplay its significance. "You beat Dries, even in practice, and you've done something," he says.

On the ice, Shannahan's game is a blend of natural talent and practice. In each of his NHL seasons—Jeney, St. Louis, Hartford

and Detroit—he picked up things. With the Blues, he learned from Hall how to get open and get a shot off quickly. When he joined the Wings in 1996, he tied to match Steve Yzerman's commitment to defense as well as to offense. And he is, like Yzerman, a guy who practices. "I practice because I want to do, on his own and with his teammates. The previous night against Colorado, he and Fedorov broke in over the blue-line together and, though closely covered by Avalanche defenders, exchanged a series of nifty little passes that resulted in Fedorov's goal. "So much of the game is repetition," Shannahan says. "That pre-swing that Sergei and I did last night looked like it just happened, but it's something that we've done over and over."

When the Canadian Olympic squad was announced in December, Gretzky is one point gave special mention to Shannahan's hard work and how it helped him win a spot on the team. Shannahan had no choice; he wasn't named to the main camp in Calgary last September until Joe Sakic was injured and a spot opened up. But he did well in Calgary, then he went on a scoring tear when the NHL season began. Still, the guys closest to Shannahan issue his only doing what he usually does. "Pick off a tremendous start, but I don't know the Olympics are my more motivation for him," says Yzerman, Shannahan's roommate on the road. "He always wants to play well."

A lot of factors contributed to his play this year, Shannahan says, including self-doubt. There have been times when he worried he wasn't good enough, or that the game was passing him by. "Fear of losing your abilities, fear of failure—that's not the only motivation, but it's an impediment," he says. He was struck by that fear when he wasn't initially named to try out for the Olympic team, and in the end, he was less driven by a desire to make the team than by the prospect of not making it.

Even now, even though he knows the downside, Shannahan still dreams the childlike dream of having the chance to score the winning goal. "It's just part of sports—you want to be the guy out there," he says. "When you don't want to be standing up on that stage, that's when you're lost something." He pauses for a second, as if to make sure it's clear he means it. "I don't feel that way," he says. "I want to be the guy." And who knows? He might just be. ■

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BUILT FOR SPEED

The juniors settled for silver, but Canada will still stress skill in Salt Lake City

There was method to the Canadian Hockey Association's madness when it arranged last month's news conference in Toronto to announce the 2002 men's Olympic team. There, in the Beacon-dragged Hockey Hall of Fame, before Wayne Gretzky named the 23 players who will suit up in Salt Lake City, the CHA tossed out its national jersey rules, too. The idea wasn't just to give the young guys some media exposure before they left for the world championships in the Czech Republic. Organizers wanted to test their revamped approach to international hockey at all levels. That meant sending coach Stan Butler off to Europe with the team, most offensively skilled junior team Canada may ever have assembled.

And it still wasn't enough. Russia beat Canada 5-4 in last week's junior final in a game that was agonizingly close right to the final buzzer. It was a bitter defeat for the Canadians, who led all teams in scoring at the tournament. "Our 22 guys enjoyed the risk," Butler said after the game, "and they did everything they could to try and get that gold medal back in Canada."

Though disappointing, the junior's loss likely won't shake Gretzky's resolve to play a more creative game in 2002. Olympic veterans such as centers Joe Sakic

and Steve Yzerman and blue-liners Rob Blake and Chris Pronger all contend that being along the boards, hockey won't work. "The most valuable experience was just playing on the big ice surface," says Yzerman. "The mistakes we made in Nagano was trying to play like we were on a North American ice surface—high



For Check Korbman (on ice) and the juniors, silver felt like a loss

tempo, dump it in, chase" after it and tiring ourselves out. "I feel we have to adapt more to the European game in a pack-mental style." Gretzky, general manager Kevin Lowe and coach Pat Quinn took that advice, and added young forwards Simon Gagne and Ryan Smyth and defencemen Ed Jovanovski

and Eric Brewer—all great skaters and terrific puckhandlers.

Still, those six nervous nines: Will Mario Lemieux and Eric Lindros overcome their injuries? Will Paul Kariya rise to the occasion? And will the Canadians get in a team quickly enough? Skatinghead National Hockey League governor refused to allow a desert break in their season to accommodate the Olympic teamsters, Yzerman says. Like an insignificant "made-for-TV" special, "They have only one day in Salt Lake City before their first game, so intense on-ice bonding is as important as talent."

The best hope to these nerves may be talking to Gretzky, who's gone from heart-breaker player to self-assured man in one Olympic quadrennium. He says the mature veterans team has done everything it can, and assembled exactly the right players, to win. Nagano proved that injuries and shootouts can change a world free. But intangibles play a role, too. In that respect, Corley was buoyed by how hard some players—the ex-Juniore Iglaia and Braden Shattler to examples—worked to make the team. "We worked enormous," Corley says. "Everyone loses and everyone makes mistakes, but we were out mistakes to come out of caring, out of wanting to do well."

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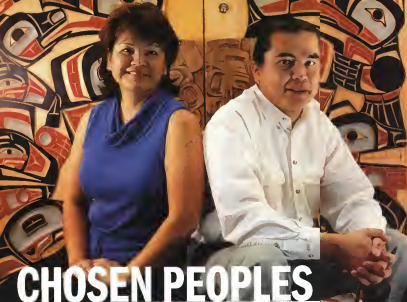
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CHOSEN PEOPLES

Aboriginals are now being courted by universities across the country

BY BRIAN BERGMAN

A bustling public school in the northern community of Seaburn, B.C., Warner and Patricia Nizel cultural classes daily lessons in racism. The brother and sister, members of the Wet'suwet'en First Nations, connected with racism and fights as they conformed the local white kids on the long, lonely road to their grandmother's house after school. They persevered, each earning a Grade 12 diploma, but the harassment helped sour their views about continuing on. Now, after 15 years in the work-

force—Warner is a native programs administrator and Patricia as a youth counsellor—they are together again, this time as faculty at the University of Northern British Columbia in Prince George. And while those early experiences still sting, these are not people who spend a lot of time nursing old wounds. "I'm a strong believer in destiny," says Warner, 33, "and I was really ready to take this leap." Patricia, a 34-year-old single mother of two, who is now pursuing a public administration degree, agrees. "It takes a long time to get here," she says, "but this is something I always dreamed of doing."

The Nizel siblings are part of UNBC's Northern Advancement Program, one of several initiatives offered by universities across Canada that help aboriginal students make the transition to higher education—both native ones like Patricia and Warner, as well as those coming directly from high school. The Nizels both felt dead-ended in their jobs and eager for a new challenge. But they were also intimidated by the prospect of returning to school. In that regard, UNBC's program, which takes in about 25 first-year aboriginal students annually, proved a godsend. A key element is a two-week orienta-

tion, held every August. This year's session included a weekend wilderness retreat, culminating in a five-hour "hiking circle" that saw students share their personal histories around a campfire. "I found that extremely powerful," says Warner Nizel, a father of two who is studying an anthropology. "It helped us identify classmates who are having problems in their lives, so we can keep an eye on them and make sure they don't fall through the cracks."

Founded in 1990, UNBC had a target genre: 16,000 individuals from across northern British Columbia, many of them aboriginals, paid \$3 each to position the province for a new season. From the outset, serving First Nations students was a key priority. And while only about 10 per-

cent of the 3,500 enrolled are aboriginal, their presence is hardly felt throughout the campus. Carved out of the bush on a hill overlooking Prince George, UNBC is a place with cedar, birch and fir beams supporting high- vaulted glass ceilings that suffuse the hallways with natural light. Indian prints and First Nations carvings abound, other aboriginal handwork can be seen in everything from the finely carved doors of the University Senate to the Chancellor's ceremonial dress, which features representations of the thunderbird, frog, loon, grouse, fireweed, owl, eagle and killer whale.

Symbolism aside, aboriginal students at UNBC also benefit greatly from the First Nations Centre, which, in addition to housing counselling and academic advisors, provides a study area, computer lab and a spacious sitting lounge where students congregate. During a recent afternoon, with a half-dozen students at the centre, the talk was returning to home important it was to have each other's support and company. "This is a place to that and laugh a bit when we're all stressed out," said Shantana Supanahwa, a 21-year-old Cree Mista from Dawson Creek, B.C., who is in the final year of her undergraduate degree and hopes to go on to medical school. "For me, it's made all the difference."

Mista Thomas, a 22-year-old from the Nisqually First Nations near Fort St. James, B.C., agreed. "I didn't start coming into the centre until my second year, but it really helped," says Thomas, who is finishing up a degree in general business and First Nations studies. "My marks went right up."

UNBC president Charles Jago has been impressed both by the determination of individual students and by the pride of their home communities. In fact, one of the reasons the university allocated an as-

sumed graduation ceremony from the campus to the Prince George Multiplex was to accommodate friends and relatives. "A number of these students are not just the first university graduates in their families, but the first from their clan or village," says Jago. "Sometimes precisely the whole bloody village comes to celebrate."

While happening at UNBC is occurring, to one extent or another, at campuses across Canada. Administrators are scrambling to recruit and retain native students through intensive courses, tutoring and cultural accommodations. Part of this, to be sure, is driven by an overdue recognition that native students have too often been neglected. But, in some cases, there are also more pragmatic considerations. At a time when Canada is experiencing an explosion in the number of aboriginal youth, it makes sense for many universities, especially in the western provinces, to court, and cultivate, their potential clients.

Consider first the demographics. More than half of the country's 600,000 plus aboriginal population is under the age of 25. The number of aboriginal people of working age will double in the next 10 years, growing at a rate three to five times faster than that of other Canadians. Now, consider the record. According to the latest available Canada Census figures, only three per cent of status Indians 15 years and older hold university degrees, compared to 16 per cent of other Canadians. Of those who made it to university, only 36 per cent of status Indians completed a degree; the comparable figure for non-status is 64 per cent.

The growing gap between what has been done and what needs to happen is fueling a funding frenzy among those recruiting native students. The Regina-based Saskatchewan Indian Federation College, marking its 25th anniversary this year, is the only First Nations controlled university in Canada. During its early years, SIFC was an obvious choice for native post-secondary students, both from Saskatchewan and elsewhere. But it now faces stiff competition. Richard Munro, director of SIFC's School of Business & Public Administration, recalls going to a recent event for aboriginal students in Regina. "Just about every university in Western Canada was there," says Munro. "They all had booths, programs and stu-

PHOTO BY PHILIP HARRIS FOR THE GAZETTE

Education

offering support for students to come to their attention." The army of chaos has not been lost on students. "Some are now looking for broad-based universities," notes Misra. "Some are looking for a perfect business school, but the best business school."

These demanding consumers are, of course, among the lucky few. For most aboriginal people, getting into university—any university—remains a titanic struggle. The most obvious hurdle is academic. According to census figures, 57 per cent of status Indians drop out before completing high school, compared to 21 per cent of non-aboriginals. But native education says that only tells part of the story. The quality of education that aboriginal youths receive—especially those from remote communities—is frequently substandard. Even those who finish high school often lack the necessary English, math and science skills to proceed to university.

Status is also legions of native students, whether at isolated reserves or large urban public schools, having to deal with racism and persistent efforts to downplay their personal. Many are several generations to the middle. Corinne Wierman, 37, one of only a handful of aboriginal psychiatrists in Canada, recalls her own high school days in Thunder Bay, Ont. "I distinctly remember five individuals being singled out as potential physicians," she says. "I remember seeing one of them. I was the kid in the back with the baseball cap on that no one took much notice of." Wierman, who now practices psychiatry at the Six Nations Reserve near Brantford, Ont., as well as heading a native recruitment and liaison program for the health sciences faculty at McMaster University in Hamilton, says the net effect of such experiences is predictable. "So many students think they are not smart enough or able to work hard enough to succeed at university," observes Wierman. "There's a self-doubt problem."

Self-doubt is a common refrain, even among those who are well along in their university studies. Glenn Tienison, 23, now in his final year of a Bachelor of Arts degree at the University of Manitoba, grew up in the Dene community of Lac Brochet near the northern Manitoba/Northwest Territories border. Tienison, whose first language is Dene, continues to feel intimidated by his classmates' easy command of English. "I feel like now with good enough," says Tienison, whose English is just fine. "And then



Geodipe wants an MBA; Wierman (right) has a graduate degree in psychiatry

I think I'm not smart enough to be here."

Many students also carry extraordinary baggage from their personal lives. Shannon Arison, head of the Indian Confederation Arts program at SFU, ticks off some of the more extreme social ills that come to her attention. "I've known of students who were punched out at age 12," she says. "Another watched an aunt commit suicide when he was four, was in youth detention at age 12 and later became a drug dealer and addict." Judy Galar-Nazalima, who recruits for UNEB, says about half of aboriginal students never make it past their first year, usually because of personal problems, often involving alcohol and drugs. "Living on 'the rez' is not always pretty," says Galar-Nazalima, who grew up on a reserve in northern British Columbia. "A lot of students are trying to break free of this lifestyle."

Other common challenges include the culture shock as students move from remote rural settlements to large urban campuses, as well as some unusual family obligations. A high percentage of aboriginals come to university as mature students, many with children of their own. A majority are women, and many are single parents. But beyond juggling children and school, native students are often called back home for extended periods to deal with, among other things, sickness or death in their families and close-knit communities. This pattern—which sees natives move in and out of the system—is so deeply ingrained that veteran administrators have



learned to roll with the punches. "It's actually harder to retain them in a natural sense," says Robert Louie, director of the Munroe-Malcolm Institute, which provides support services to native students at the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton. "But often when a student says, 'I'm leaving,' I think to myself, 'You'll be back.'"

Academic shorthills. Social psychologists. Culture shock. It's a lot to cope with—for students and universities alike. Administrators across the country have introduced first-year programs for aboriginal students that range from a few introductory courses in such skills as essay writing and library research to those which take a more holistic approach to ensuring native students hit the ground running.

One of the oldest and most advanced examples of the latter is the University of Manitoba's Access Program—UMAP for short—which marked its 25th anniversary last year. UMAP is open to all students who present an identified academic or financial need that might otherwise prevent them from attending university. In practice, about 85 per cent of its participants are aboriginal, most of the others being recent immigrants. Students typically take two



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"I think I'm not smart enough to be here," says Michael's 15-year-old son, who clearly is

university courses in part of the regular student body as well as courses specifically designed for UMAP students. The latter focus on identified areas of weakness such as English, writing and research skills.

UMAP students have study access to academic advisors, tutors and personal counselling. And as with UNBC's northern advancement program, UMAP's two-week orientation course represents an opportunity for participants to bond with each other. "Students who are well-orientated are usually the ones who succeed," says Randy Harrison, director of the university's so-called ACCESS programs. "Those who are less so tend not to do as well."

The University of Manitoba offers other programs to support aboriginal students in specific fields, including pre-medicine, nursing and engineering. As well, UMAP graduates can take advantage of the programs services as they continue their studies. One who does so is Tawana. "When I feel bad, my family is far away," he explains. "So I go see a counsellor. They support me. They encourage me. They make me feel better."

The nonfree UMAP students are eligible for bursaries that help cover tuition and living costs. Such bursaries, which other universities offer to varying degrees, have become even more crucial following the funding changes of 1989. Until then, Ottawa bursarified any status Indian who wanted to go to university. Now, a lump sum of money is doled out to Indian bands, and they choose which individuals to fund. The net effect: many status Indian university students are not receiving federal financial aid.

If there is one part of the country where the education of a boriginal youth has a special sense of urgency, it is Saskatchewan. Natives currently make up 12 per cent of the population. Given current birth rates, it is estimated that, by the middle of this century, one of every three Saskatchewan residents will be aboriginal. "This is an enormous human resource," says Michael Atkinson, vice-president academic and provost at the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon. "If we are not welcoming and helping aboriginal students to succeed, what is the future of the province?"

The U of S currently has nearly 2,300 native students, more than any other campus in Canada, and boasts several flagship programs. In the past 25 years, its education college has graduated over 1,000 aboriginal teachers. Of the 825 natives who graduated from various law faculties across the country over the past three decades, 55-60 per cent have done at least part of their legal training at the U of S. But given the demographic projections, the university has been ramping up on several other fronts. Among the new initiatives is something called Super Saturday, involving native kids from Grades 4 through 12 in informal sessions with faculty members. "That's a growing understanding that you can't wait until high school to recruit students," explains Atkinson. "If you do, you're going to be very frustrated."

Despite the aggressive recruiting efforts

of the U of S, there are still some students who prefer the more intimate Saskatchewan Indian Federated College, which runs in affiliation with the University of Regina. Among them is Jo-ann Goodpope, 31, a single parent who will complete a four-year business administration degree next spring. When she returned to school after 10 years in the workforce, she now plans to take a master's degree in human resource management at the University of Regina and, ultimately, to return to SIFC as a professor. "I would never have believed when I started out that I'd be where I am now," she says. "I want to give back to other students who come here."

Success stories like Goodpope's are what keep university educators pumped, despite the disappointing reality that up to 50 per cent of native students never make it past their first year and only a third complete a degree. However, all agree much more needs to be done, especially in professions such as medicine, engineering and the sciences. Psychiatric Wierman believes part of the solution is embracing what many in academia consider a dirty word: quotas. "I don't care what the word is," says Wierman. "We have a critical shortage of aboriginal health-care providers and the only thing that will surely shut in the short term is a quota system."

Wierman draws on her experience at McMaster to make her point. Unlike other medical schools at such other universities as Alberta and Saskatchewan, McMaster does not set aside a specific number of places for qualified aboriginal students. Still, part of Wierman's job as an associate for the university is to increase the number of native applicants to the medical school. This year, she says, 24 individuals applied, double the number in the past. But not one of them even got an interview. "I think that's just shameful," says Wierman. "It's an embarrassment to the school."

Despite her frustration, Wierman is constantly urging native youth to keep the faith. She likes to remind them of her own background as an undereducated and low-dan-middle high school student who beat the odds. "Look, I'm not a particularly brilliant person," she says. "But I'm very, very stubborn." When faced with overwhelming obstacles, their doggedness can be a powerful virtue.

SURVIVING THE WINTER

Exposure to light helps the seasonally depressed get on with their lives



Wu was suicidal before he learned to treat his problems

BY KRISTIN JENNINS

David Wu, 52, a registered acupuncture therapist who lives in Richmond, B.C., had seen many doctors and taken many medications before being diagnosed just over a year ago with seasonal affective disorder, or SAD. Until then, nothing worked. For two decades, Wu had struggled to cope with the mental, physical and emotional lull that started as early as August and didn't ease up until April. The disorder had a profound impact on everything from personal relationships to his school/work and vacation schedule. He changed his major from biology because he lost the ability to sustain the effort. "My interest became more introspective," he says, and he moved to psychology. Still, it was a nine-year struggle to complete his degree at the University of British Columbia.

Then in December, 2000, Wu's wife

worried. "I had an overwhelming impulse to end my life," he says, and he ended up in hospital. But when doctors analyzed the patterns of his moods with the help of journals he'd been keeping, Wu finally came to understand what was bothering him. Now, back into the winter months, Wu is being cautious to stick to his new treatment regimen, one that includes exercise, psychotherapy, an antidepressant—and anywhere from 30 to 45 minutes of bright light therapy first thing in the morning.

Winterize as the world of SAD, also known as the winter blues. On dark mornings, some people's biological clocks don't receive a strong enough light signal to get them going. The result is a sluggish, arrhythmic feeling that persists throughout the day. Although Wu's case may be extreme, seasonal affective disorder leaves at least 600,000 Canadians mildly to moderately depressed each winter. In most cases, the

condition surfaces in October, then disappears with the return of longer days in April. Many Canadians suffer for years before being diagnosed. Others don't seek treatment because they don't think anything can be done.

Now dozens of clinical studies have shown that light therapy—simply exposing a patient to bright light for a period of time each day—can be highly effective in treating two-thirds of SAD patients. Other studies have established that antidepressant medication can also help. But just who will respond to light therapy as an antidepressant, or to both, remains a mystery.

Soon, much-anticipated findings from a unique cross-Canada investigation will pave the way for doctors to make that determination. The three-winter SAD study, currently in its second year, will treat 210 patients all told in Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto and Saint John, N.B.

"There were no good studies when both light therapy and antidepressants are used," says Dr. Raymond Lora, professor of psychiatry at the University of British Columbia and principal investigator in the study.

If therapy can be individually tailored, that could greatly improve the success rate for treating people with SAD, says Dr. Anthony Levitt, associate professor of psychiatry at the University of Toronto and one of five researchers conducting the national study. It would also help patients avoid unnecessary medication. "People are sitting on the edge of their chair waiting for the results," says Levitt.

Help could also be on the way as the form of a highly portable light-producing device called Lightbox. If it proves to be as effective as the larger, boxier units in general use, says Lora, Lightbox could provide "a significant advance" for the treatment of SAD as well as other conditions that appear to respond to light therapy. One of those conditions is jet lag. "Time effects and business people," Lora notes, "generally don't have the luxury of several days to recover after a long flight."

The brainchild of Medicine Hat, Alta., entrepreneur Larry Polonsky, Lightbox uses light-emitting diodes (LEDs) to create an income beam while consuming just one-tenth the power of an incandescent bulb. Polonsky, 64, who has suffered from SAD since his teens, admits to being skeptical about light therapy. But in the fall of 1994, he found that sitting in front of a big light bulb every morning for 30 minutes "dramatically changed my life." The problem was that he, like other light therapy users,



The Lightbox can travel with its user

faced the large unit's inconvenience and something less than portable. There was also, he says, a stigma attached to its appearance. "It looked like a medical device."

Deciding to "build a better mousetrap," Polonsky took his idea to a former schoolmate at the Defence Research Establishment Suffield, 40 km northwest of Medicine Hat. These high-tech experts working on robotic land mine detection systems devised their own means of adapting computer technology to the use of a laptop computer. Too big, Polonsky said then—he wanted something he could hold in one hand. Then in November, 1998, Polonsky and an article in an obscure electronics journal about the invention of a white LED that shone as bright as half the diameter of a pencil. "I couldn't believe how bright it was," says Polonsky. "And there was no heat and no ultraviolet."

Armed with this information, he contacted the help of two industrial design

students who came up with a device no bigger than a portable CD player. "It looked like Sony or Philips had built it," says Polonsky. "Everybody loved it." Last winter, his unit 20 prototypes can be used by SAD sufferers as well as business travelers and flight crews seeking relief from jet lag. He predicts there "I had trouble getting them built."

Now Polonsky is selling the units for \$549, in a growing number of home care and natural food stores. While the

studies' evidence looks good, it could be a year or two before there is clinical verification of the effectiveness of the Lightbox for treating SAD. But there is plenty of evidence that existing light boxes, widely available for \$300 to \$500, do actually work.

For David Wu, the diagnosis of SAD was a turning point. But his quest for a better quality of life continues. Wu knows he needs more than light therapy, medication and counseling to prevent the return of depression. "I make a point of keeping a busy schedule, doing a lot of physical exercise and talking to supportive friends," he says. "I do things that give me joy, like singing in a choir and volunteering one morning a week at a local preschool." Wu, who owns and practices martial arts, also plans to escape to a home in Southern California this winter. Then, for a week to 10 days, he will work outdoors, planting and harvesting fruit and vegetables—until soaking up the sun. "I know I'm valuable," says Wu. "There is no take care of myself."

LET THERE BE LIGHT

Researchers report some success in using light therapy to treat both problems, often their seasonal affective disorder (SAD), that may result from disruption of the body's internal clock, or circadian rhythm. Major breakthroughs is underway they take time, however, as the fledgling industry that produces light therapy equipment may have deep pockets for research. The story so far:

• **Sleep disorders:** There is clinical evidence light therapy can help night owls who have trouble falling asleep until the wee hours, as well as peo-

ple who suffer from excessive daytime sleepiness in their seasonal depression. Several studies indicate that light therapy may relieve symptoms quickly and is as effective as other treatments as well as the new antidepressants.

• **Jet lag:** Light therapy—jet lag reverses to light but also adding it to help twice jet lag among travelers who cross several time zones. Beyond that, time is the only cure for the flyer's lethargy, lack of stamina and inability to concentrate.

• **Preseasonal syndrome:** In San Diego, Dr. Barbara Perry has shown that light therapy can produce such SAD-like symptoms in depression and

an increased need for sleep and food among women with PMS.

• **Bulimia:** Light therapy may reduce symptoms in women with the binge/purge eating disorder, particularly in the midst of summer when symptoms get worse in the winter.

• **Depression during pregnancy:** A clinical trial under way at Wits, Colombia and the University of Louisville is studying the use of light to treat depression among pregnant women. Depression affects up to 18 per cent of expectant mothers, and a one-hour therapy is particularly important for these patients to avoid any risk to their unborn children. **J.L.**



Huey & the heart of rock 'n' roll

Despite being a staple of music video stations in the '80s, members of Huey Lewis & the News never acted about looking pretty. "I'd rather people close their eyes when they're listening to my music because sometimes I have to get ugly to hit beautiful notes," laughs Lewis, 51. "Madness and others kept reinforcing themselves, which is great, but we just didn't care about all that physical stuff."

For the band, which is fully released *Planet X*, their first studio album of original material in 10 years, it's always been about making music. So when they were

having trouble finding an American label to back the new CD, Lewis considered bootlegging the project himself. "It was a little embarrassing," he says, "in we just decided to make this album for ourselves." Ultimately, Lewis was urged the expense when Zomba, a Geffen label, offered them a record deal. "Our audiences in Europe are 20-year-old bespectacled guys who just love American music," he says. "They love us for who we are—an American rock and rhythm 'n' blues band." And with that kind of support, Huey Lewis can keep the News running.

Matarazzo matured

"Yeah, people still call me 'Weiner Dog,'" says actor Heather Matarazzo, referring to the nickname of her character, Dawn Weiner, in the 1995 film *Witness to the Deliberate*. "They shoot at our on crowded screen."

Like it or not, the 19-year-old New Yorker is now remembered as the awkward, immature, getting-child she played when she was 11. "Deliberate has followed me around for so long," says Matarazzo, who won an Independent Spirit Award for the role. "So I just want to let everyone know, that I have boobs, I have an ass, and I am actually attractive. And I am an adult now."

In fact, casting directors have noticed that Matarazzo is all grown up and have been giving her roles accordingly. She is currently on Broadway in *The Women*. She plays a sexy girl in two upcoming independent films. And once in a while she turns up in Hollywood fare, like this past year's *The Private Desire*, a Disney movie directed by Garry Marshall and starring Julie Andrews. Matarazzo played the best friend of a dorky high-school student who learns she is a princess. And while Matarazzo has yet to be offered the princess role herself, she *Weiner Dog* has come a long way.



My life as a Weiner Dog

Books

Look back in melancholy

Two outstanding foreign novels explore the uses and abuses of history



BY BRIAN BETHUNE

In a bizarre year for Canadian literary fiction, few foreign titles have managed to find a consistent place on national best-seller lists. And the two European novels that have—British author Ian McEwan's *Amsterdam* and Austrian by W.G. Sebald, a German who lived in England for 31 years until his death on Dec. 14—share a deft, elegant focus with the mass-circulated Canadian books of 2001. Like Richard Wright's *Giant*, *The Job Garden* by Dennis Black and Michael Cunningham's *The Hours*, they are not just set in the past, they are about history, and how it is used and abused—especially by writers. Sebald's novel in particular—the heartbreaking, less-than-finger story of Jacques Austerlitz, a wandering Jew left rootless and almost soulless by the Holocaust—is a meditation on the tragic history of the Old World. But it is McEwan's *Amsterdam* that truly dares, proving to be a match for the art and morality of writing as it is about the past.

There are five times and places as well-established as the popular mood in England between the wars—a nation in de-

real, half-averting its eyes from what Churchill would later call the gathering storm, and half proudly waiting for it. McEwan nearly does his wealthy Tullis family rise this world, on a summer's day in 1935. Peter Jack, who makes offstage the entire novel, is in London, making bloodless businessmen plans to deal with the millions of casualties that a German air attack would bring. Everyone else, in the midst of a wedding feast were, is honoring in on the family's country house. Mother Emily and her two daughters—23-year-old Cecilia and precocious, would-be writer Bronzy, 15—are already there, along with their unhappy cousin, twin nine-year-old boys and their sister, Lola, 15. So too is Robbie Turner, the brilliant son of the Tullis' chef-owner, whose education Jack Tullis has underwritten. They are all awaiting Love, the Tullis son, and his friend, a British young aristocrat named Paul Marshall.

By the end of the day, Cecilia and Robbie discover they're in love, the twins run away, Lola is raped and Bronzy finally ac-

quies Robbie of the usual. Five years later, having been let out of prison to join the army as a private, a wounded Robbie is caught up in the bloody shambles of the British retreat to Dunkirk. Bronzy has come to realize how wrong she was in 1935, and, in the face of her many attempts at atonement, forgives her place at Cambridge and becomes, like Cecilia, a nurse in London.

The middle section of *Amsterdam*, the two vividly related set pieces of Robbie's trek to the Channel and Bronzy's experiences with the wounded evacuees of Dunkirk, would alone have made an outstanding novel. In keeping with Robbie's wartime realization—and clearly with McEwan's own credo that "without the death there could be no larger picture"—the author's descriptions here are marked by blunt, relentless, clearly researched fact (When Bronzy leaves a soldier's hand bandage, his tissues threaten to fall in her lap, in the midst of an otherwise peaceful moment, Robbie opens a child's leg wringed in a run.) But superb as those narratives are, they are only a fraction of the novel's achievement.

There is wonderful writing throughout in McEwan's novel, his many themes—the accidents of circumstance, the uses of abuse, fiction, class oppression—into his narrative, and in a magical love scene. There childhood outpaces Robbie and Cecilia see each other as lovers for the first time, and both say "the three simple words that no amount of bad art or bad faith can ever quite champion." And in a deeply autobiographical novel, McEwan has spread much of his life across *Amsterdam's* characters. Bronzy is Brian diagnosed with vocal-cord dysplasia, an affliction particularly terrifying to writers, and the same one that is rebelling McEwan's mother, Rose, of her memory. The novel's father, David, a career soldier, was also wounded at Dunkirk, and Ian McEwan, born three years after



The authors tackle the last world war from different angles

Facts first, then fiction

As a young man, Julie Capelito had a "rocky" life. "I was a writer," she says. "I was thinking I'd be 25 and have a novel out," says Capelito, 43. "That is how important it was." Instead, Capelito, like many other young women he writers, had trouble putting words on the page. So he turned to journalism—first in Toronto, then New York City. He ended up an assistant at Rolling Stone and writing a non-fiction bestseller, *As Nature Wishes Them*.

Despite those successes, Capelito held onto his original literary ambition. For 10 years he plugged away at night and on weekends writing



About the Author—his debut novel published last August, "When I started the novel, I was in my late 20s," says Capelito. "I told him an old man as a writer—nobody says." The story is part autobiographical—the main character, Goli, is a twenty-something aspiring writer who is seriously blocked. But the similarities to Capelito end there. Goli steals his dead roommate's manuscript and passes it off as his own, becoming a hot new literary voice and selling the film rights to DreamWorks.

Coincidentally, even before his book hit the shelves, Capelito sold the Author's rights to DreamWorks—and now both Goli and Capelito are working on their second novels.

Books

the war, is one of those children Robbie imagines during the movie, "intensely concerned on the walk home [and] here made flesh." The narrative, too, resembles Robbie in his rise through the class system.

But McEwan's creative is represented by Booby, whose the novelist himself has described as his finest character, a pubescent girl briefly captured by a middle-aged man—in an oval portrait because they are both writers. After Booby realises "that other people are actual" she is, the quote for McEwan, when she concludes that she can be shown only in a story. But it is, a self-absorbed child, the doesn't truly feel others' misery, nor before she begins raising, does Booby grasp that a human being is "serving all this, a material thing, easily lost, not easily mended"—and so proceeds to destroy Cecilia and Robbie.

There are literary ironies aplenty in that first part of the novel, standard tools to contemporary stars like Virginia Woolf and E. M. Forster. But by the middle section something strange happens with the brief appearance of an actual novelist.

Cyril Connolly, better known as editor of the influential literary magazine *Newnes*, sends Booby a rejection letter. The manuscript he returns—in a little too crumbly about the loveliness. When Connolly points out a fatal error in Booby's story—a mistake that doesn't even in *Assessment* itself—a reader is entitled to wonder what's going on.

It's a moment that points the way, and deliberately lessens the surprise, of McEwan's tour-de-force epilogue. There, a now-familiar postmodern trick allows him to make a moving declaration about the power of writing to forestall oblivion and despair, and also to ask unanswerable questions about an author's responsibilities. But unlike Booby Talbot, still seeking acceptance after 39 years, McEwan has nothing at all to apologise for.

Nay did W. G. (for Wilfrid George) Sebald, it is true that Sebald, to its extent untroubled among his contemporaries, gave the impression of having written for



himself alone. *Austerlitz*—an unusually learned exploration of the tangled roots of 20th-century totalitarianism—has no dialogue or chapters and usually a paragraph break in its 298 pages. And a writer who devotes considerable space to such topics as the evolution of Belgian railway architecture, seems either supremely confident or simply indifferent to the prospect of actually being read. But it was Sebald's profound belief that he was a melancholy wanderer at heart from which—a quality shared by all his protagonists—that is a prime source of his writer's power. He was his character. He even died in the same sort of random act of fate that befalls so many of them. (Sebald, 57, was driving his daughter, Anna, home to Nirxwich in eastern England when his car inexplicably swerved into oncoming traffic.)

Born in Bremen in 1944, the son of a Wehrmacht captain, Sebald, as critics have noted, wasn't Jewish, but he might as well have been. He was haunted, not by the monstrous face of the Holocaust, but by the German silence about it. That silence drove him to England when he was 26, and against the odds he began publishing 25 years later. His most striking originality lies in his use of images, gritty photos mostly—like a picture of Welsh dairy with a chocolate patch on one mouth shoulder—due more to random reflexes to loss memory. They draw readers into Sebald's enigmatic stories, and make them patient in his search for a human truth beyond the mere facts of history.

Austerlitz is a perfect title for the novelist's greatest work, being the name of a major Napoleonic victory (Sebald's symbol of human historical force) and of a real rail station (his metaphor for the airline companies and goings of people buffeted by that force). Jacques Austerlitz is a Czech Jew sent to Wales at age four after the Munich Agreement dismembers his country. A half-century later he embarks on a vain and heartbreaking quest for his real parents who takes him across a Europe that's seen more and more to be "the scene of some unexplained crime." Unbelievable as this is for Austerlitz, it's almost, but not quite, too much for the reader too. Born in the end, his unpunished dream to keep memory alive makes *Austerlitz* an unforgettable legacy for an extraordinary writer.

Entertainment Notes



Anderson (with Cyril Connolly) in *Reykjavik*

This Overcoat has many colours

In 1997, it was a hit play generated by writer-director Morin Parry and choreographer Wendy Gorfing, along with the talented scenic art of the Vancouver Playhouse. Now their much-praised production of *The Overcoat*, based on a story by Nikolai Gogol, is an exceptional television special (CBC's *Openings*, Jan. 10, 8 p.m.). With not a word spoken, the 24 cast members mime and dance their way through the droll comic tale of an architectural draftsman (*Tevee Anderson*) whose purchase of a magnificent overcoat paves the way to his destruction. Accompanied throughout by

the lush, bittersweet music of Dmitri Shostakovich, the TV version is more evocative, poetic and dreamlike than the play. However, the hypnotic chore of the show is still Anderson's lone, nearly impenetrable face, from which his startled eyes peer with the profound vulnerability of someone trapped in a nightmare. *The Overcoat* rides on a paradox. It reveals human nature as something often grasping and ugly. But it does so with such beauty—aided by the rich gowns, blacks and beacons of the set and costumes—that its melancholy vision endures.

John Bremner

Masks and misery

She's been touted as one of the hottest new actors in the Canadian stage in a decade. But for all her success performing Shakespeare, Jonsson and Canadian George F. Walker, Toronto's Kristen Thomson has made her biggest impression in *L. Glaspie*, a solo drama she wrote for herself. Focusing on a lonely 32-year-old struggling with her parents' divorce, the play has swept several awards since its premiere last March, and has almost sold out its Toronto run (Jan. 15 to Feb. 17 at

the Tarragon Theatre), after which it moves to Victoria's Belfray Theatre (March 6 to 17). Thomson, 36, has an expressive face, but in *L. Glaspie* she covers the upper half of a with masks as she portrays the unhappy woman (and several minor characters) in Glaspie's school-bus-bound hideout. "A mask can help you drop the filter of your own personality and assume another one," says Thomson. "When I put on the Glaspie mask I find released by a foreign energy. It's really quite liberating."

When the rich go mad

The story of a mental institution hardly seems an enticing subject, but *Staten Globe* columnist Alex Beam knows what he's doing in *Geoffrey Hamlyn* (HarperCollins). McLean Hospital, founded in 1817 outside Boston, specialised in sheltering the American elite's delinquents—of often brilliant—natures. Combining social and psychiatric history, Beam discusses Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Robert Lowell visiting fellow patient John Nash in 1959 (Nash, a future Nobel laureate for his game theory, is the inspiration for the current film *A Beautiful Mind*). Sylvia Plath was there too. Her novel *The Bell Jar* takes its name from Bellcamp, the women's ward, which later housed Sigmund Freud. She wrote *Gift*, interpreted about her story, a memoir made into an Oscar-winning movie in 1999.



Best-Sellers

FRACON	WEEKS ON LIST
1. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	1
2. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	2
3. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	3
4. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	4
5. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	5
6. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	6
7. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	7
8. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	8
9. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	9
10. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	10

FRACON	WEEKS ON LIST
1. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	1
2. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	2
3. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	3
4. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	4
5. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	5
6. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	6
7. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	7
8. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	8
9. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	9
10. <i>THE GIVER</i> , Lois Lowry (H)	10

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Q^{uebec} Winter

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The founding scoundrel

Break out the gin! Jan. 11 marks the 187th anniversary of John A. Macdonald's birth, and like Canadians everywhere, TV rises to toast to the Father of Our Country on this important national holiday. What? You say Jan. 11 isn't a national holiday? Surely you jest. John A. Macdonald was the architect of Confederation and our founding prime minister. He oversaw the purchase of the North-West, the entry of British Columbia into Canada and the building of the CPR. How could he not have a holiday in his honour, especially considering that his old nemesis Louis Riel is about to be hoisted in the House of Commons as a national hero?

Riel, prophet of the grassroots, led an insurrection against the government that caused the deaths of more than 100 people, including innocent settlers and two priests. You might think, in the wake of what has happened over the past four months, that the appeal of religious anticolonialist-queer holy war would be diminished, but in the wacky logic of today's Canada, Riel is the hero of history, not Macdonald.

Watch it a shame, because Sir John was a wonderful role model—especially when it came to wielding power. In recognition, I'd like to offer the following primer to our current PM.

Macdonald's seven keys to success:

1. **The party line after silence.** An earnest Tory senator once told Macdonald, "I will always support you when I think you're right." Macdonald replied, "Anybody may support me when I'm right. What I want is someone who will support me when I'm wrong."

Macdonald: Whether a golf course in Shawinigan or a promise to abolish the GST, what matters is not whether your leader is right or wrong, but that you stick with him, no matter what.

2. **The tactical use of humour.** Once, outrage during a public debate, Sir John, drunk, yawned. An awkward pause followed, but John, smiling, said, "I'm sorry I don't know what it is about my opponents, but every time I hear him speak, it turns my stomach." The crowd roared.

Macdonald: When caught in a tricky situation, laugh it off. If, for example, academics are pepper-sprayed and clubbed on the head, do not accept culpability. Instead, turn the thing into a joke. "For me, the pepper, it's what I put on *du plan*." The Canadian public loves a leader with a sense of humour.

3. **Misreading the opposition.** John's language foe was George Brown, a man both upright and unwavering. Rather than grope for the high ground, Macdonald acknowledged the obvious, raising his weaknesses into a point of pride. "The

people would rather have John A. drunk than Brown sober," he proclaimed. He was right.

Macdonald: Whether your opponents are separatists, socialists or gaffers on Ses-Deos, you can't go wrong portraying them as profane and straightlaced. Especially if they are.

4. **Neutering the opposition.** Canada's first separatist movement began not in Quebec, but Nova Scotia. The movement foundered when the leader of the separatists, Joseph Howe, was won over by Sir John's considerable charms. A year after arriving in Ottawa, he outraged critics of "Macdonald's government."

Howe crossed the floor to become a minister in Macdonald's government.

Macdonald: Keep friends close, and enemies closer. Rather than pinging a dangerous enemy, defang him by giving him a cabinet post.

5. **Misreading proper decorum.** Macdonald once charged across the floor of the House and attempted to land a haymaker on an opponent, coining, "I could lick him quicker than I'll could scorch a feather!"

Macdonald: Never give an ounce of respect to foes. If a person gets in your way, threaten him!

6. **Dealing with ethics issues.** During the 1872 election, Macdonald, desperate to save the railway and his career (he was being increasingly disliked), accepted campaign donations for implied railway contracts.

The scandal led to Macdonald becoming the first—and only—PM in Canadian history forced out of office on charges of unethical behaviour. Undeterred, John was swept back to power five years later, and ended his days in triumph.

Macdonald: In Canada, ethics and politics don't mix. If you're going to have an ethics counsellor, make sure he's in your pocket. You don't want an independently appointed do-gooder tearing up trouble. God nil!

7. **The vision thing.** For all his flaws and foibles, John A. Macdonald oversaw the creation of Canada from a patchwork of eastern colonies to a nation spanning the continent, from sea to sea, a mere *maple* of trees.

Macdonald: To be a great leader, you must have a vision. But don't worry, Jean... out of seven ain't bad.

So let's raise a drink to the scoundrel who started it all. Maybe next year, Sir John will get a holiday of his own. In the meantime, Happy Louis Riel Day!

Will Ferguson is the author of *Parasites & Bonchards: Canada's Glorious Leaders, Past and Present*.



GOOD THING
HAND GESTURES CAN'T BE HEARD.



